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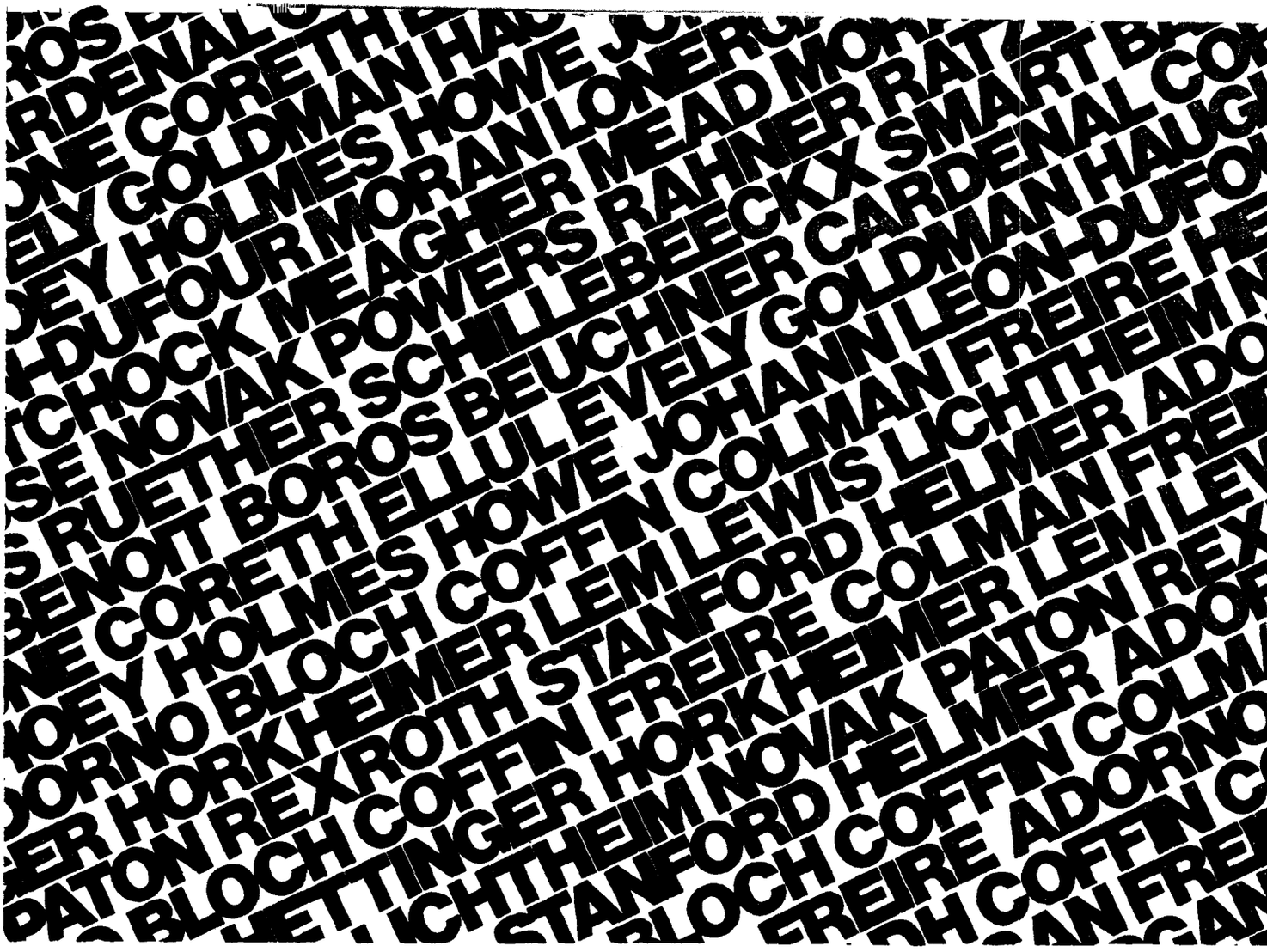

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ABOUT THIS ISSUE

With this issue *Commonweal* begins its 50th year of publication. ("The" was dropped from the magazine's title, with considerable hesitation, in a 1965 redesign of the cover.) This is a good time, then, to express gratitude to all those without whom this publishing achievement would not have been possible—dedicated staff members over the years, faithful friends and contributors, loyal subscribers and regular advertisers. And thanks also to the members of the newly formed "Committee of 50" which is beginning the vital task of raising money for *Commonweal*'s continued existence; their names can be found on the back cover, and each of the mazagine's subscribers will shortly be receiving a letter from the Committee.

When plans were first formulated to make this issue a reminiscent look over the past 49 years, we soon abandoned any notion of selecting the "best" from five decades. During the years since its founding in November of 1924, this magazine has published literally millions of words, thousands of writers, scores of bound volumes. To select what might reasonably be called the best from this mass of material would have required a very large tome indeed. This issue, therefore, does not pretend to represent the best from *Commonweal*'s past, although most of the articles would probably be included in such a selection; rather, it is an attempt to present a representative cross section, material largely about America and the experience of being an American Catholic, as seen through *Commonweal* eyes over five decades. This issue, then, is a *Commonweal* Sampler; we hope it conveys something of the flavor of five decades of unique journalism.

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Assistant Editor, 1972-1973; *Associate Editor,* 1973-

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The Stage, 1924-1934

GRENVILLE VERNON
The Stage, 1934-1941

JAMES P. CUNNINGHAM
Movies, 1935-1938

PHILIP T. HARTUNG
Movies, 1938-1973

DAVID BURNHAM
The Stage, 1941-1942

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The Stage, 1942-1943

KAPPO PHELAN
The Stage, 1943-1950

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The Stage, 1950-1952

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The Stage, 1952-1961

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The Stage, 1961-1964

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The Stage, 1964-1967

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The Stage, 1968-1971

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IDEA OF A MAGAZINE

The Commonweal—An Introduction

November 12, 1924

THE question will naturally arise why the editors of *The Commonweal* believe there is room for another journal to discuss public affairs, to review the important publications of the day, and produce original fiction, essays and poetry. Do they hope to find place for *The Commonweal* through competition with the weekly reviews that already occupy the field? To such questions we reply:

We believe that *The Commonweal* will be so fundamentally different to our contemporaries that in place of competition in an over-crowded field we shall occupy a position that hitherto has been left vacant. For the difference between *The Commonweal* and other weekly literary reviews designed for general circulation is that *The Commonweal* will be definitely Christian in its presentation of orthodox religious principles and their application to the subjects that fall within its purview: principles which until now have not, we believe, been expressed in American journalism except through the medium of the official organs of the Catholic Church and of the various denominations. As a sure background *The Commonweal* will have the continuous, unbroken tradition and teachings of the historic Mother Church.

But it will be in no sense—nor could it possibly assert itself to be—an authoritative or authorized mouthpiece of the Catholic Church. It will be the independent, personal product of its editors and contributors, who, for the most part, will be laymen. Its pages will be open to writers holding different forms of Christian belief, and in some cases to authors who do not profess any form of Christian faith. Where the opinion of its editors, contributors and readers differs on subjects yet unsettled by competent authority, it will be an open forum for the discussion of such differences in a spirit of good temper.

In presenting the first number of *The Commonweal* to its readers, or it may be more exact to say, to those whom we would have as readers, the editors realize that it is not by what they may say about their intentions so much as by the way their intentions are realized that the new journal will be judged. Therefore, they ask that the judgment upon their work be not exclusively based upon any one issue of *The Commonweal*. A new journal cannot convey its character through any single number any more than a new acquaintance can establish claims to one's friendship at a first meeting. Nevertheless, the proper ceremonial usages call for a brief introduction of *The Commonweal* on the part of its sponsors.

There is being promulgated a widely accepted theory of what civilization is, or what it should be, which, if it proves successful, means the end of Christendom, so far as the expression or influence of Christian principles and ideas in the institutions of civilized life are concerned. It is unquestionably a spiritual, moral, and patriotic duty for thinking people at least to make an effort to apply the conserving and regenerative forces of the fountainhead of Christian tradition, experience and culture to the problems that today all men of good will are seeking to solve. As opposed to the present confused, confusing, and conflicting complex of private opinions, and personal impressionism, mirrored in so many influential journals, the editors of *The Commonweal* believe that nothing can do so much for the betterment, the happiness, and the peace of the American people as the influence of the enduring and tested principles of Catholic Christianity. To that high task *The Commonweal* is dedicated.

—THE EDITORS

TEN YEARS LATER

Nov. 2, 1934

CONSIDERABLY more than ten years ago, in the troubled years following the close of the World War, small groups of Catholic laymen—the most of whom were graduates or teachers or students of various universities, Catholic and secular—began simultaneously to discuss the idea of the establishment of some sort of publication that would serve as a medium for the expression of Catholicism in its varied and highly debatable possibilities of application to contemporary social problems. Generally speaking, these groups, or individuals, were unaware of each others' interests, or plans, although all believed that what was stirring them must be manifesting itself elsewhere. It was a spontaneous movement, arising in the United States in correspondence to the same sort of intellectual fermentation that was already actively at work in many European countries—part and parcel of that great resurgence of Catholicism itself: of the spiritual, moral, intellectual and social forces of the Church, which after the World War became evident (as it still does; and increasingly so) as one of the major phenomena of our age. It may be said, without being unduly fanciful, I think, that the symbol of this renaissance was given to those who could discern the signs of the times in 1922 when Pope Pius XI in the first hour of his election walked outside the Vatican which had held his predecessors prisoner since 1870, to give his blessing to the world, under the open sky. In his person, it was the Church emerging from that more or less passive, quiescent, defensive condition in which it has been cribbed, cabined, and confined since the Reformation,

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and during the succession of revolutions which followed the Reformation.

Now it had again become positive, energetic, magnetic. "Action" became at once the password and the war-cry of its universal mission. The secularistic liberalism of the nineteenth century, which for a brief period had delusively appeared to have triumphed over all other forces in the western world, and to be on the very eve of extending its victory over all humanity, and which had tolerantly yet somewhat disdainfully relegated Catholicism to a subsidiary and wholly negligible place among other religious emollients of social life—or else regarded it merely as a picturesque museum piece in its gallery of historical souvenirs—had been smashed by the World War, completely and finally. Other and far more powerful forces began to contend for supremacy—among them, and in the very forefront of the struggle, the revivified and militant Church of Jesus Christ. Primitive paganisms re-arose and assumed new forms—fanatical Socialism; nationalisms exalted to religious fervor; with atheistic Bolshevism rooted in a universal claim to complete dominance over all mankind, overshadowing all the particularistic combats which proceeded with ever-increasing violence—surrounded by revolutions, famines, plagues, panics, and the suffocating pressure of the world-wide economic crisis, which had followed after the deluge of blood and tears that overwhelmed the world in 1914.

But in 1924, the full truth of the world crisis was as yet unrevealed except to a few prophets, to whom the world at large would not pay heed. Nevertheless, it was even then apparent to all save the wholly frivolous, or dull, or stupid, that the task of recovering from the wounds of the war, and of reshaping the disjointed structure of society, was one that demanded as an inescapable duty the cooperation of all intelligent men and women. The Catholic lay groups to which I have referred above certainly were alive to that truth. . . .

As laymen, it was not their mission to teach in the name of the Church. But what the Church taught them they could, and should, apply as their criterion of judgment in their work as writers for and editors of a lay journal which should discuss the living issues of this day of crisis, and thus contribute to the limit of their individual capacities and opportunities to the restoration of society. They were inspired by the hope—nay, the firm faith—that the expression of points of view stemming from the traditions and doctrines of the Catholic Church, the Mother of western civilization, would be of some general value. . . .

These men finally came together and pooled their ideas. They were men of Georgetown, Harvard, Notre Dame, Yale, Columbia, Fordham, Princeton and other centers, with some who were not graduates of any school save that of living experience. They were none of them messianic: they did not dream of suddenly transforming the world they lived in after the Christian image—perhaps they realized too keenly the difficulty of first transforming themselves. Moreover, they had a fairly adequate conception of the limitations and weakness of the instrument they designed to employ. The best, and most powerful of journals exert but a feeble influence upon humanity in comparison with other and far more important agencies—the school, the political systems, economic conditioning, racial and nationalistic instincts, and the churches. But journalism does touch and influence men and women in all their relations with those more fundamental matters: hence its enormous potencies for good or for evil.

Now, of all the major forces operative in American society, Catholicism is by far the least adequately equipped to communicate its influence to the general public through journalism. It possesses its full equipment of what may be termed an interior journalism—periodicals carrying on the necessary work of informing, instructing and influencing Catholics themselves. What the founders of this journal hoped to do was to begin, in a small way, and with modest intentions, the exterior task of Catholic journalism—as laymen: not as official teachers; but as independent writers who based their work upon principles which they themselves had fully accepted from the teaching Church.

The Commonweal was that journal.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS

MICHAEL WILLIAMS *was Editor of* Commonweal *from 1924 to 1938 and Special Editor from 1938 to 1945.*

IN TRANSITION

April 15, 1938

IN THE first issue of *The Commonweal*, November 12, 1924, the founders of the magazine affirmed as emphatically as they could the principle that "*The Commonweal* is not the organ of any political party, or any single school of economic or social theory." Furthermore, "it will be in no sense—nor could it possibly assert itself to be—an authoritative or authorized mouthpiece of the Catholic Church." At this transition, *The Commonweal* again emphasizes these two principles. Its position must be even more clear now than before, because the magazine is no longer conducted by a membership association, but simply by a limited group of individuals. *The Commonweal* is not a "religious magazine" which deals with ecclesiastical and devotional matters, but is a general review whose primary field is human activity in politics, economics, literature, art, etc.—the "secular" field—and it will freely represent the various opinions

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of many collaborators and contributors. These opinions will not invariably express the final and unanimous opinion of all the editors, nor will the editors always be in perfect agreement among themselves. This breadth and freedom of expression will, of course, exist within the framework of complete loyalty to the Church and the teaching of the Holy See.

The Commonweal's job is not to furnish a blueprint for ready action, social, economic or political. It is an enterprise in journalism; the effort of a group of American Catholics to observe affairs and opinions about affairs. It is impossible to give once and for all the political "line" of *The Commonweal,* because its line must be based on material and changing conditions as well as on unchanging moral and social principles, which are derived from the Catholic Church, from philosophy, from western and American traditions and from our own environment and experience. Although *The Commonweal* approaches public affairs with inevitable bias, it always has, and does now, claim to be unpartisan. It will avoid as much as it can the assumption of a propagandistic tone—propaganda understood as being the unfairly one-sided presentation of controversial opinion, overlooking the good points of opposed views and evidence damaging to one's own.

A simple condemnation of fascism and communism and declaration in favor of the "middle way" is perhaps good-hearted; but in itself it is surely futile. We do positively reject the notion of a unitary act of reform. We oppose the totalitarian state, dictatorship and violent revolution as means or as ends. Except to those who believe a priori that any paper which does not fight for the socialist revolution and the ownership of productive property by society in general is by that very fact fascist, we will prove in action our opposition to fascism and to other imperialisms, in America, in Germany, in Italy, in Spain, in Japan, or wherever else they threaten. No less emphatic is our repudiation of revolutionary Marxian communism, which clearly and directly infringes on Christian belief and which merits condemnation on many other grounds. But there will be no red-baiting on the Left, nor any goblin-hunting on the Right. We will try to deal impartially and charitably with advocates of all systems and believers in anything. We want to see incorporated the good of opposed systems in our own, and to steal the truth even from the pocket of the devil. Thus, in sociology *The Commonweal* is inescapably reformist. It will be our constant duty, as affairs progress and choices change, to make this a positive and hopeful position. Our social purpose has been called "personalist," and this is to express the priority of human beings over property and institutions. We desire the constant betterment of the relationship between men and God and among men themselves. This progress can be fostered directly among men, as well as indirectly through institutions. No one knows exactly what institutions would grow up to implement greater charity, but human relationships must never be sacrificed to doctrinaire tenets about institutions, whether they are existing ones of nationalism and capitalism, or the more hypothetical ones of socialism and fascism. . . .

PHILIP BURNHAM

PHILIP BURNHAM *was co-editor of* Commonweal *when this statement was written.*

THIRTY YEARS LATER

Feb. 5, 1954

DURING the thirty years of its life, *The Commonweal* has been generally accepted as a Catholic publication, through there is nothing in the masthead to indicate that the magazine is an organ of the Church or of any official body of the Church. As a wholly independent lay weekly which is primarily concerned with the temporal order—the specific province of the layman—*The Commonweal* clearly cannot claim to speak for the Church. Its editors have not been commissioned by the Church; they certainly cannot speak with the spiritual authority of the Church, nor indeed even with the Church's temporal experience. As editors we have often gone out of our way to make this clear in the pages of the magazine. . . .

The Commonweal is a magazine put out by a small group of journalists who are Catholics. The magazine is no more officially Catholic than that. Its editors have no more standing in the Church than any other laymen. Any authority we might have derives not from ecclesiastical status but from whatever merits we have as journalists who are specifically concerned with the meeting of the spiritual and temporal realms.

The fact, however, that we *are* Catholics and tend to see the temporal order as being directly related to the spiritual surely distinguishes this magazine from similar journals of opinion. The fact that most readers of *The Commonweal* are Catholics who take a lively interest in the Church and seriously try to conform their thinking on temporal questions to their spiritual commitments also means something. Finally, most of the magazine's contributors are Catholics—some of them quite eminent Catholics and personally invested with authority which *The Commonweal* as such does not have. They write in these pages because they know that here they can quite consciously speak as Catholics. This also is not without meaning.

It is true that *The Commonweal* has a comparatively large number of non-Catholic readers. Such readers turn to the magazine because they are interested, for

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one reason or another, in the magazine's point of view. These readers, too, know that in *The Commonweal* they find *a* Catholic outlook on questions of the day. The same is true of *The Commonweal*'s many excellent non-Catholic contributors. We conceive of the Catholic spirit as one which welcomes good thinking, good writing and good reporting wherever they are to be found. We do not believe that all wisdom—on every conceivable subject—is confined to the Catholic body or that Catholics should deprive themselves of the knowledge, insights, human understanding and plain good sense that are found outside the Church. For that reason we have always welcomed the generous support given by the many outstanding non-Catholic writers and journalists who have written for this magazine through the years. *The Commonweal* has been operated according to the principle that things are not good or true or beautiful because they are Catholic but are Catholic because they are good or true or beautiful. In the area of life where, by the very nature of things, there cannot be merely one Catholic position—where practical political and social prudence is the highest criterion—we have not hesitated to endorse what we have regarded as the better part, whether we found it within the Church or outside. . . .

In any discussion of *The Commonweal* it is important to underscore the fact that it is published and edited by laymen. We are fortunate enough to have among our contributors a number of outstanding clerical writers and critics. These bishops, priests and Religious are among the best writers we have. But it should be remembered that the direction, policy and general responsibility for the magazine are entirely in the hands of its lay staff. (For the benefit of our non-Catholic readers we might add that we have never been interfered with in any way by ecclesiastical superiors. We have, of course, been roundly criticized from time to time by individual priests who could not see eye to eye with us—which, given the controversial nature of the magazine, is understandable enough—but we have always been left entirely free by the proper Church authorities to size up situations as we saw them and to turn our editorial guns even on Catholic targets when, wrongly or rightly, we felt it was the thing to do.)

As a lay publication, *The Commonweal* does not pretend to be the "voice of the Catholic laity" or any such thing as that. In the first place, the Catholic laity has not appointed any group to be its voice. Secondly, there simply is no one voice of the Catholic laity. The late Rabbi Wise used to say that the only thing two Jews could agree upon was what a third Jew should give to charity. All Catholics, by definition, agree on the fundamentals of their religion and on those questions which come under the heading of faith and morals. But on other matters Catholic opinions vary as much as Jewish opinions—as regular readers of this magazine know well.

The fact that *The Commonweal* reflects the views of some Catholic laymen should not be overextended. Nevertheless the magazine, as a "Catholic" periodical, does have a certain character which derives from the fact that it is lay-edited. As is fitting for a lay publication, our primary interest is in the "world," the temporal order. We do not conceive of our roles in priestly or near-priestly terms. We do not think it is our special vocation to lay down the moral law for others or to indulge in overt preaching, for instance. This is not to say that we think social, political and artistic matters can be divorced from morality or that it is proper for a group of Catholic editors to put out a magazine which does not give expression to the Christian spirit. But, in terms of the Christian vocation, it is our feeling that *The Commonweal* should serve more as a "witness" than as an apostle. . . .

We have been asked from time to time to spell out *The Commonweal*'s political philosophy. It is not an easy thing to do, because the magazine does not commit itself to any ism, party-line or partisan loyalty. . . . If it can be said that *The Commonweal* operates according to any political dogma, it is the right to take a fresh look at things periodically, to make all judgments tentative and to consider the total political situation, expecting the inevitable moral ambiguities, and then make a pragmatic judgment which does no violence to basic moral principles, though often enough the judgment—as long as politics remains in the sinful hands of men and not angels—will be not ideal but merely the lesser of two evils. . . .

The Commonweal's general approach, as contrasted with that of certain other Catholic journals, has been described as "liberal"—that woolliest of all woolly words. . . . Happily, the word "liberal" is still used in the old-fashioned sense, not so much to describe the concrete positions one takes as to designate one's spirit and method of approach. The use of reason in controversy rather than belligerence, the absence of the chip-on-the-shoulder, the unwillingness to use the truth as if it were one's private possession, the rejection of the sectarian spirit and willingness to deal with others not as if the truth they have were of a different kind from ours or their errors were inevitably born of malevolence —this general approach is often described, in a catch-all word, as "liberal." The approach actually represents *The Commonweal*'s ideal. Unhappily, the editors and writers for this magazine do not always reach that ideal; but when we don't we betray our own standards and, we think, the standards set for any Catholic journalist.

—THE EDITORS

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RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE

T. LAWRASON RIGGS

Racial and social factors in the American religious situation

Nov. 26, 1924

IN a country where the vast majority of the population is Catholic or Protestant, the few adherents of the other religions are inevitably eyed with suspicion, if not as dangers to the community, at least as eccentric and scarcely respectable individuals. The prevalent creed is bound up with national culture and traditions, there is little chance for mutual discoveries of good faith, and distorted ideas of the minority's religion are sure to pervade the popular mind. Catholics in Sweden, Protestants in Spain, must suffer these disadvantages as long as the religious homogeneity of those countries persists, for to the average Swede or Spaniard, "Catholic" or "Protestant" means something largely fictitious.

Conditions in the United States are of course very different. Misconceptions as to each other's beliefs and sincerity by American Catholics and Protestants are not due, except in certain limited areas, to the fact that either group constitutes a small minority. If they exist in deplorable abundance amongst us, is it not largely because racial and social factors have complicated our religious problem?

Most Catholics in the eastern states are of Irish extraction. Their recent absorption in the disturbances of the mother country seemed not infrequently to put an alien political issue before the best interests of America and of the Catholic Church as well. But intemperate zeal of this sort should be ascribed to a racial rather than to a religious cause. True, many Irish-Americans appeared to demand political sympathy from all their coreligionists, nor did they hesitate to use the Catholic press and sometimes even the pulpit for the spreading of Irish propaganda. Their real state of mind, however, was more accurately shown by the enthusiasm with which Protestant clergymen of Sinn Fein sympathies were feted, and by the charges of "British propaganda" made with more fervor than discrimination against visiting English Catholics. A lecture on Jane Austen by an English prelate of literary distinction was in one instance thus described! Conditions similarly illustrative of religious antagonism on a racial basis are reported by a Protestant friend. On his promotion from the post of inspector in a New England factory, his competent assistant, a Catholic of Irish ancestry, did not succeed to the position, because, in the words of the foreman, "persons of his religion don't get promoted in this department." A recently arrived English Protestant was chosen instead. "The entire town," my friend adds, "divided itself along religious lines." The real cause of the conflict, nevertheless, seems to be racial.

The disturbing force of this factor in our problem is moreover greatly increased by social conditions, since Catholics in the higher strata of American society are still comparatively rare. The situation is less marked than formerly, much less so, no doubt, than it will be fifty years hence; but at present the proportion of Catholics among Americans of inherited culture is not large.

Not a few Protestants illogically conclude that Catholicism is incompatible with breeding and social position, a prejudice reflected by those Catholics who seem to suspect the orthodoxy of their coreligionists who are not of the laboring classes. I have known of Protestant children greeting their Catholic cousins, as the latter came out of church, with taunts descriptive of their ineligibility for polite society—a naïve but significant manifestation. And I have read in a Catholic paper an attack on "Prominent Catholics" that seemed to be inspired by no sentiment more Christian than hatred of the socially conspicuous as such. What, one wonders, does the writer make of the noble genus of half the saints in the Roman Breviary? Snobbish dislike of other classes is confined to no section of society. It is doubly objectionable when it serves to foster religious prejudice.

Realization that racial and social factors thus complicate our problem is necessary for the mutual understanding of religious points of view, an understanding which must grow if we are to join in checking the spread of bigotry. For so long as misconceptions abound, the seeds of religious discord will take root and flourish. Protestants tend more towards positive errors in regard to Catholic doctrine—the almost universal mistake about the Immaculate Conception is an instance—Catholics, towards ignorance of Protestant views. There is need for the former to correct, by consulting the Catholic Encyclopedia or by asking well-instructed Catholics, misunderstandings which, even among the educated are sometimes grotesquely false; and there is need for intelligent Catholics to be conversant with the main teachings of liberal and conservative Protestantism. Yet all attempts

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at mutual understanding must fail unless accompanied by mutual trust. . . .

It is the urgent duty of all educated Americans to join in fighting the crude intolerance which is capitalized by such organizations as the Ku Klux Klan, and which has followed with hideous unexpectedness the union sacrée of the war. Such despicable enterprises flourish on the conditions which this essay would help in remedying: confusion, willful or otherwise, of racial and social issues with religious ones—misconceptions of doctrines—mistrust of those with whom we differ. Patriotic Catholics and Protestants can unite in combating the spread of a movement so incalculably fertile in evil, not by denying their differences, but by seeing these differences as they really are, by acknowledging each other's good faith, and by emphatically resolving to strive together for their country's welfare in spite of the sad heritage of a divided Christendom.

OBLIGATIONS TO AMERICA

CARLTON J. H. HAYES

Catholic responsibilities to culture, civilization and political democracy

Jan. 7, 1925

OUR obligations to America are so manifold and far-reaching that I can do little in the space allotted me save to catalogue a few of the most vital and compelling. First let me emphasize the obligation of Catholic Americans to continue and develop the civilizing influence of Catholicism in American life. It is a sad and regretful conclusion to which study and observation have impelled me that in spite of marvelous development of natural resources and material comforts and rapidly augmenting expenditure on schools and institutions of learning, America, save in the domain of applied science and perhaps in that of architecture, is not so advanced in the arts and sciences—in the elements of civilization and culture—as are the Catholic countries of Europe.

We as a nation display indifference if not contempt toward beautiful art and are oblivious equally to its presence or to its absence both in our cities and in the great open spaces of our prairies and plantations. Moreover, we have almost a national repugnance to close thinking, solid reading, and intellectual conversation; we dread to fill the great open spaces of our minds. Than Catholic Americans no others should be contributing more to the needful advance of culture and civilization in the United States; yet if they are to make the contribution that their heritage and tradition require, they must recognize and meet the special obligation of being intelligent and well-informed themselves and of furnishing to the nation more than their numerical quota of first-rate artists, scientists, and critics. They must raise the standards of Catholic schools and coöperate with their fellow-Americans in raising the standards of the public schools. They must patronize and seek to enlarge the scope and improve the quality of worthwhile publications and learned societies. They must better their Catholic colleges and universities and work with, rather than against, the efforts of non-denominational universities to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge. They must encourage more and more of their gifted young people not to become mere second-rate businessmen or third-rate journalists, but to press on to high places in all the professions, even in the professions of the highest scholarship and the highest art.

I have put first the Catholic obligation to American culture and civilization because, though basic, it is frequently overlooked and almost always minimized. The obligation about which I shall speak next—the obligation to be good and loyal citizens—is never unheeded by Catholic Americans, at least as far as its supreme test is concerned. Not only has every Catholic bishop in this country at all times, without any exception whatsoever, inculcated in his flock unswerving loyalty to the government and Constitution of the United States, but lay Catholics have borne their full share of manful service in armed defense of this country and have paid their full toll of life in its battles. Nevertheless the general obligation of good citizenship involves a very large number of special obligations, which, though perhaps falling short of the supreme test, are none the less exacting in the normal and, let us hope, protracted periods of peace, and which therefore merit attention.

Catholic Americans should take a conscientious and enlightened part in the operation of our political democracy. They should exert their influence individually to further the nomination and election of the most capable and principled persons to public office, in city, county, state, and nation. The exercise of the suffrage is a solemn duty. He who wilfully absents himself from the voting-booth is in a class with the deserter from the

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army, and he who fails to inform himself about candidates and issues belongs with the mutinous soldier. The welfare of the whole community should be the aim of Catholic Americans, and they should be particularly on their guard against using political machinery for purely group designs, and against preferring for public office a candidate whose sole distinction lies in external profession of the Catholic faith. It is a grievous abuse of religion to have it confused in the popular mind with any sub-national partisan clique, whether it be German-American, Polish-American, or Irish-American. They who resent the current un-American attempts to make public office safe only for white, Gentile Protestants should keep themselves spotlessly innocent of any counter-offense. They do not, I am sure, and they should not discriminate in the political life of this nation among Catholics, agnostics, Protestants, and Jews. . . .

Respect for individual liberty is an aspect of that true Americanism of which Catholic Americans can and should be the especially stout upholders. English-speaking Catholics no less than English-speaking Protestants came originally to these shores in order to exercise a liberty of worship denied them elsewhere, and throughout the history of the colonies and the nation, Catholics have always been in the forefront of the champions of freedom of conscience, freedom of worship, freedom of association, freedom of assembly, freedom of the press, and freedom of education. What they have demanded for themselves, they have ever been willing and should always be willing to accord to others.

Despite what is loosely alleged to the contrary by ill-informed non-Catholics or by professional anti-Catholics, separation of Church and state, in the American sense, is yet another time-honored policy to which Catholic Americans can and do give unqualified support. It is strictly in accordance with their history in this country and with their desires and needs. Nor can it be maintained that the Catholics who have come as immigrants to our country during the past century have tended to undermine the policy; on the contrary, the large majority of our Catholic immigrants during the period have come to us from Ireland or from parts of Germany where there was no union whatsoever of their church and their civil government and these very immigrants have been naturally inclined to understand and support, rather than to undermine, the separation of Church and state. On an important point they have been Americans, so to speak, before they arrived in America. . . .

Right now there are three kinds of general problems to which particularly the attention of Catholic Americans should be called.

The first is the problem, or set of problems, created during the past century by the industrial revolution and the rise of large-scale capitalistic production, and now affecting not only the relations of capital and labor but all social relationships and peculiarly the family and the home, the very foundations of Christian society. There is little agreement among Catholics as to what should be done with these problems; there is little agreement as to what precisely these problems are. But, unfortunately, there are few Catholics who have investigated and studied the problems. Certain individuals who profess the faith talk at times as though they were Marxian Socialists; certain others act as if they were atheistic disciples of Mammon. Both these groups, the one revolutionary and the other reactionary, are not, I will gladly admit, representative Catholics. But in so far as they are uninformed, I fear they are representative. The least that Catholic Americans should do is to study carefully the famous encyclical letter of Pope Leo XIII, *Rerum Novarum,* and seek the best means of translating its general precepts into the specific legislation and social action of this country.

A second problem now confronting this country, as

MORALITY AND PLURALISM

Sept. 12, 1958

ALTHOUGH it would be foolish to say that "Church-State" questions are less complicated in the United States than elsewhere, it is true that they have developed here according to an historically unique and quite fortunate pattern. Constitutionally there is a clear distinction between the orders of competence of the Church and those of the State. This means that the State does not attempt to decide questions proper to the Church (what is sacrilegious, for instance), and the Church does not ask the State to enforce ethical codes which are not themselves supported by the society at large (can we use, for example, birth control legislation?).

It is evident that an element of self-limitation is here present. This element of self-limitation is highly desirable—it is, indeed, necessary for the ideal functioning of our society. Applied to any particular minority group, it means that that group would not attempt to impose upon the society by law every particular of its ethical code. Catholics, for instance, should not expect non-Catholics to accept restrictions on conduct which these non-Catholics regard as legitimate. In any case, it is practical wisdom for Catholics—or anyone else—not to attempt to have laws erected and directives established in accordance with their beliefs except where there is good reason to believe that there is, on the particular question, a consensus; only, that is, where the society can sustain such laws. Again, the example of Prohibition is pertinent. . . .

JAMES FINN

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it confronts all countries, is not a bread-and-butter problem such as the first I mentioned; it is an emotional problem, and as such it is difficult to define or deal with. I refer to the contemporary confusion of proper and ennobling patriotism with intolerant blatant nationalism. If we love our country, we are rejoiced to serve it; if we are not blind, we detect flaws and shortcomings in it, but, still loving it, we labor to improve and perfect it; and if we truly love it and constantly serve it, we are humble. Humility is essential to love and service. And this is the essence of pure patriotism. Between pure patriotism and Christianity there can be no conflict. Nationalism, however, is something else. It is a vainglorious assumption that one's own nation is superior to all other nations and entitled to pursue its selfish ends without any regard to others' welfare. Its roots are selfishness and pride, and its whole spirit is antithetical to that of Christianity. In fact, I have come to suspect that the contemporary vogue of nationalism is attributable in no small degree to the lessening hold of Christianity upon many men's minds and hearts. Those persons who have lost or obscured their faith in Christianity are likely to be the very persons who extol the national state as an end in itself and who demand that what is God's shall be rendered unto Caesar. The effect is disastrous both in domestic politics and in international relations. . . .

Catholic Americans, too, should actively assist toward a solution of the grave international problems which beset the United States—and the whole world. For centuries the Catholic Church has preached the cessation of war, and a long line of Roman Pontiffs has labored to bring peace on earth to men of good will. In the midst of the latest and greatest war in human annals, the voice of Pope Benedict XV was heard above the din of contending armies, pleading with the nations of the earth to forgive and forget their mutual transgressions and to hasten to outlaw war and to adopt covenants which should provide for the settlement of future differences by means of peaceful arbitration. Since those words were uttered, the League of Nations has come into existence with a permanent Secretariat, with a permanent Court of International Justice, with a frequently assembling Council, with an annual Assembly, and with fifty-odd nations as members. Right now these members are giving serious consideration to protocol which aims to outlaw war and to compel the submission of international disputes to arbitration. It may be that neither the protocol nor the League of Nations is the best or surest way to that peace which the Catholic Church inculcates. I leave it an open question—but there can be no doubt that Catholic Americans, even more than other Americans, have a clear obligation to study the subject carefully and without partisan bias and then to champion whatever agency is most likely, in their matured judgment, to promote durable world peace, whether it be a League of Nations or perhaps something else.

To take a lively and enlightened interest and leadership in public problems affecting our international and domestic affairs, to be good citizens in a very exacting sense, and actively to advance civilization and culture in the United States, these are great and grave obligations resting upon American Catholics.

THE DOCTRINE OF FASCISM

JOHN A. RYAN

Its doctrinal and philosophical incompatibility with Catholicism

Nov. 17, 1926

Probably the majority of Americans who think about the subject at all, regard Italian Fascism as merely political action, not political theory. They look upon it as an organization and a movement through which certain powerful and rather unscrupulous persons have got control of the government of Italy by violence, and have ruled the country with a certain degree of efficiency, but with considerable disregard of constitutional forms and of human rights and liberties. According to this view, the movement and its work are entirely pragmatic, entirely motived by expediency, without any underlying theory or doctrine or philosophy or principles.

The appearance of "The Political Doctrine of Fascism" in an English translation should tend to remove this misapprehension. This document is an address delivered at Perugia, August 30, 1925, by Alfredo Rocco, Minister of Justice in the Italian government and dean of the faculty of law of the University of Padua. As soon as he had read the address, Premier Mussolini wrote to Signor Rocco, congratulating him and declaring that he had "presented in a masterful way the doctrine of Fascism." Hence the discourse may confidently be regarded as authentic and authoritative.

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It is able, dignified, dispassionate and fundamental. At the outset, Signor Rocco announces his intention of exploring Fascism's "inner essence." Fascism is not merely "action and sentiment," although these are and must remain its supreme characters; "it is thought, it is doctrine." The thought and the doctrine, he maintains, are indigenous to Italy, in harmony with Italian traditions, and united by "the mighty common current of Italian history" with the Franciscan movement. The address, we must remember, was delivered in Perugia. Because of its "coherent and organic doctrine," Fascism acquires "a universal validity." Its originality "is due in great part to the autonomy of its theoretical principles."

What are these principles? Before answering this question, Signor Rocco examines and evaluates modern political doctrines from liberalism to socialism and Bolshevism. In his view, the common basis of them all is a mechanical or atomistic concept of society which regards the end of the state as merely the "welfare and happiness of individuals." And the individuals for whom the state exists and functions are only those "of the present generation." The method by which political liberalism expects the state to promote this end is the preservation of equal liberty and freedom of contract for all, and a general policy of non-intervention, or laissez-faire in economic affairs. While the methods of socialism and Bolshevism differ from that of liberalism and from each other, their end is the same. All three doctrines regard the state as having no other end than the furtherance of individual welfare.

Let us turn for a moment from Signor Rocco's exposition to observe that the welfare of individuals is likewise the end of the state according to Catholic doctrine. That doctrine does not, indeed, look upon society as merely the sum of its component members, nor hold that the state is concerned only with the present generation, nor conceive the functions and methods of the state in the same way as liberalism or socialism or Bolshevism. According to Catholic teaching, civil society is some sort of organism, having some kind of life of its own and purposes which are not restricted to the interests of its present members. Its life outlasts that of any given generation. Nevertheless, all its lawful ends are centered and realized in concrete human beings. Apart from its constituent members, either of the present or of the future, civil society has no meaning; it is a mere abstraction, without reality or authority or functions. Moreover, the present generation has greater claims upon the state than the generations yet unborn.

Summarily expressed, the end of the state, according to Catholic doctrine, is the welfare of its members: as a whole, as forming families, as grouped in social classes, and even as individuals. In the words of Pope Leo XIII, "civil society should not only safeguard the well-being of the community, but have also at heart the interests of the individual members." Under "welfare" is comprised goods and interests of the religious, moral, intellectual, physical, and economic orders. In pursuing these ends, the state may use any morally good means that are effective and necessary. All the foregoing propositions are substantiated in the two encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII entitled, "The Christian Constitution of States," and "The Condition of Labor."

To this doctrine the principles of Fascism are as fundamentally opposed as they are to liberalism and socialism. Signor Rocco does not discuss the Catholic teaching at all, but his description of Fascism makes abundantly clear the antagonism between the two systems. Let us return to his exposition.

Fascism "rejects entirely the theories of natural law developed in the course of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries." It regards civil society "as a succession of generations and not as a collection of individuals." The social group, i.e., civil society, is "the recapitulating unity of the indefinite series of generations. . . . Individuals come into being, grow and die, followed by others, unceasingly; social unity remains always identical to itself." Here, then, we have civil society, the nation, the state, conceived as a quasi-eternal entity, reality, demi-god, leviathan, distinct from and superior to the individuals of any and every generation. "For Fascism," continues Signor Rocco, "society is an end, individuals the means, and its whole life consists in using individuals as instruments for its social ends. . . . Individual rights are recognized only in so far as they are implied in the rights of the state."

Of a certainty, there is nothing new in this. It is as old as Hegel, and far older. It was explicit in the political theories of the ancient world, when, to quote Lord Acton, "the passengers existed for the sake of the ship." In the nineteenth century, it was widely held by political writers and came to be known as the theory of "the omnipotent state," sometimes as the theory of the "kultur-staat." From the temporary obscuration which it suffered in consequence of the world war, it is now rescued by Fascism and paraded as an original discovery—or invention. . . .

According to Signor Rocco, the Roman political tradition finds expression in the teachings of Niccolo Machiavelli. The famous, or notorious, Florentine "is not only the greatest of modern political writers; he is also the greatest of our countrymen in full possession of a national Italian consciousness." The doctrine with which the name of Machiavelli is most notably associated, that in political affairs the end justifies the means, Signor Rocco condones if he does not accept. It is from Machiavelli, he says, that Fascism "learns not only its doctrines, but its action as well."

Signor Rocco then passes in review the theories of

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Vico, Cuoco and Mazzini, all of whom carried on more or less faithfully the "Roman tradition." For several years before the great war, however, Italian political thought had become "enslaved" to foreign theories. Thanks to Fascism, the task of intellectual liberation is now being slowly accomplished, the intellectual dependence of Italy is coming to an end, and "Italy again speaks to the world and the world listens to Italy. It is a great task and a great deed and it demands great efforts. To carry it through we must, each one of us, free ourselves of the dross of ideas and mental habits which two centuries of foreign intellectualistic traditions have heaped upon us; we must not only take on a new culture, but create for ourselves a new soul. . . . To our work, then, fellow-countrymen, for the glory of Italy!"

From Signor Rocco's exposition, we are justified in drawing the following summary conclusions: Fascism contradicts the Catholic doctrine on the authority, functions, and purpose of the state, on the natural rights of the individual, and on the means which the state may rightfully use; it rejects the principles of political democracy; and it promotes a spirit of excessive nationalism which is not conducive to international peace. In other words, the Fascist theory is a pragmatic combination of absolutism, Machiavellianism, Toryism, and Chauvinism.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY
AN EDITORIAL

A response to the campaign against Presidential nominee Al Smith

Sept. 19, 1928

How far the papers and the persons who are opposing Governor Smith, both within his own party and in the other major party, because of his stand on prohibition, are also influenced by hatred or distrust of his religion, it is clearly impossible to know. That much of the opposition ostensibly based on prohibition is really motivated by religious prejudice, cannot reasonably be denied. The declaration of the Lutheran editors, whose papers reach two million readers, is plain proof of that fact. But it should not be doubted that, in many instances, indeed in a large number of instances, prohibition and not the religious reason is actually the decisive factor.

The Commonweal, therefore, feels it to be a duty again to say what over and over it already has said: that upon Catholics of both the Democratic and the Republican party there rests a grave responsibility to act in this great crisis as men and women of reason, not as puppets of prejudice or passion. They should not only be proud of the fact that their Church, for nearly two thousand years, has relied upon reason and not emotion to justify the doctrines divinely revealed, as they most truly believe, to it; but also as individuals or as groups they should guide their own conduct now by the rule of reason which, in the ultimate analysis, is also the rule of honor.

They cannot reasonably confound—and *The Commonweal* believes that they will not in fact confound—all forms of opposition to the man whose genius for government led him to the leadership of his party, with that undemocratic, unrepublican, un-American antagonism to him because of his Catholic religion manifested (up to this time) by only a small number of men of any public consequence, but mainly by furtive, cowardly, anonymous, unprincipled, avaricious scoundrels; workers in the darkness; poisoners of the wells of truth, who are flooding the entire country with millions of infamously false accusations and insinuations, not merely against the Governor of New York, but against every one of the twenty millions or more of American Catholic citizens.

They should and will remember that many thousands, probably millions, of Protestants do most truly (however mistakenly) regard prohibition as the "mighty and matchless reform" it was declared to be by the entire episcopate of the Methodist Episcopal Church South in 1922; and therefore are justified even in breaking their political party allegiance to uphold their moral conviction.

They should and will distinguish, as those mighty champions of human reason, their theologians and philosophers, have taught them to do, between those who are in good faith in their opposition, and those who are not. But against the latter they are justified in exerting every proper means to expose their iniquity, and to reveal to fair-minded Americans, of other religions, or of no professed religion, the extent and the evil consequences of their actions.

What *are* the proper means within the power of American Catholics to exert? *The Commonweal* cannot presume to speak for others than itself, but what it says for itself it believes to be representative of what most American Catholics will support. We offer, then, the following suggestions as to what we think Catholics may properly do in this emergency:

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First, let us lay folk unite ourselves with the prayers daily being offered at our altars throughout the land by our bishops and priests, and by our religious orders and congregations of men and women, that the Holy Spirit of truth, of justice, of that love which we are bound to display for our enemies, may assist and direct all those who, in any way, are taking part in the mighty conflict now under way, to the end that no matter what the issue may be this nation may preserve the integral unity of its citizenry in the bonds of full and complete religious liberty under the law.

Secondly, bearing in mind that only those directing the anti-Catholic campaign are aware of the diabolical falsehood and baseness of the lies they are circulating, and that the ignorant people who believe the lies are as truly victims of fraud as children would be who were poisoned by food adulterators, it is not merely a duty of self-defense on the part of Catholics but a greater duty of charity and mercy to do what can be done to expose the lies and offer the antidote of truth.

Steps that might be taken to carry this suggestion into effect are these:

The immediate circulation through the mails, and by a house-to-house visitation, among non-Catholics, of the many pamphlets and leaflets already available which fully answer the lies now being broadcast, and explain Catholic doctrine and teaching concerning disputed points. We publish elsewhere a list of publishers and organizations issuing such literature. It is incomplete but will be added to as fuller information becomes available. *The Commonweal* itself is preparing new pamphlets and reprints of useful old matter, and in addition, is prepared to act as a clearing house to answer inquiries and assist its clients to obtain information or literature from other sources.

Thirdly, let us remember that it is not a new thing for the Catholic Church to be falsely accused and its doctrines misrepresented, or for the mistakes, crimes and sins of some of its members, even its leaders, to be attributed to it as its own (as if the treason of Benedict Arnold were to be used as a proof of the essential lack of honor of all Americans). Nor is it a new thing for its children to be obliged to engage in controversy. And controversy is a necessary thing; but it is a dangerous thing; it is a two-edged sword that often wounds the one who wields it, especially if personal anger, injured pride or ulterior motives sway or influence the controversialist. Here again the Church itself points out the true way, for in our own day, by honoring Cardinal Bellarmine with the high title of "the Blessed," and by appointing Saint Francis of Sales as patron of the press, it gave us all the models we should follow—controversialists among the greatest, who never lost their tempers, who distinguished between liars and opponents acting in good faith, however ignorantly, and who were concerned that truth should be known rather than that this or that person, or party, or interest, or nation, should, as such, prevail.

Finally, Catholics should and doubtless will remember that thousands of men and women not of their faith, but deeply concerned for the honor, the good fame and the permanent internal peace of their nation—first among all nations to try the great and noble experiment of religious liberty—are making themselves heard publicly and privately against bigotry and prejudice. . . . Let all sensible people unite to keep the nation safe for religious liberty.

CHRISTIANITY AND COMMUNISM

NICHOLAS BERDYAEV

For a Christian, Communism is above all a spiritual, a religious, problem

September 8, 1933

Communism is not only a Russian phenomenon; it pertains to the whole world. The challenge which Communism throws out to Christianity is not only a warning of danger from without; it is also an awakening of the Christian conscience. Communism is a complex phenomenon and can be, must be, studied from different angles. It is also a reminder that the "goodness" which had been proclaimed by Christianity was never fully realized in actual life and too frequently remained in the realm of fine words. The capitalistic order established in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries was, perhaps, the most unchristian order history has ever witnessed, as regards the relations of man to man established by it. Not only Christian love, even simple social justice in human relations, was not realized by the Christian power of goodness; and it was the powers of evil which took upon themselves the duty of establishing goodness upon earth. In Christian history it has become the habitual order of things that some part of goodness, which was not realized by Christians, was being established by people who had broken with Christianity and who were even hostile toward it.

NICHOLAS BERDYAEV *was the distinguished Russian philosopher, author* of The Destiny of Man *and other works.*

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But goodness realized in this manner proved to be a perverted form of goodness. Christians cannot look upon Communism as the defenders of the existing order look upon it. The criticism of Communism does not mean a defense of capitalistic interests. Neither can Christians permit themselves a certain snobbish infatuation with Communism, such as we see in certain Western intellectual circles. For a Christian, Communism is not only a social-economic and political problem; above all, it is a spiritual, a religious, problem.

Communism proclaims not only a new social order, toward which religion might occupy a neutral position, but it preaches a religious system, new ethics, very dissimilar both to Christian and to humanistic ethics. Communism puts itself in opposition not only to the capitalistic and bourgeois world, wherein it has a large grain of truth on its side, but also to the eternal truth of Christianity. Inasmuch as Communism wants to replace the capitalistic individualistic social order, which is built on the basis of personal interests, of egoism, of merciless competition, which prostrates itself before the Golden Calf, before the power of money; inasmuch as the new social order is based on labor, on social service for the whole body; inasmuch as it will do away with all exploitation of man by man—it has nothing antichristian in it. Quite the contrary! But when Communism rejects God, rejects the absolute value of human personality, rejects the spirit and inner spiritual life, rejects life eternal and makes a god of our life here upon earth; when it teaches hatred and violence—it becomes profoundly antichristian and is imbued with the spirit of Antichrist. This godlessness does not take its roots in Communism. Marx is not its first messenger. Communism borrowed its godlessness from the bourgeois-capitalistic world, from the bourgeois philosophy of the eighteenth century. For a long time godlessness had already been poisoning the human souls of the civilized world. But very often it was hypocritically veiled. The godlessness of Communism is open and militant. The capitalistic world made use of God and of religion to further its own interests. Communism sees no advantage for itself in doing so. Therefore its godlessness is transformed into a persecution of religion. An outward, frequently hypocritical, perverted, and rhetorical Christianity cannot successfully oppose Communism. It has no force to do so. The only thing that can oppose Communism is true Christianity, real, vital Christianity, bearing fruit in actual life, newly vivified by a heroic spirit. Communism must call forth a creative reaction of true Christian being, of Christian self-sacrifice, Christian sincerity and earnestness. . . .

The falsehood of Communism lies not in its social-economic or political aspect, to which the attention of the frightened defenders of the existing social order is riveted. Here Communism has even got hold, though in a perverted manner, of a certain Christian truth.

For over 13 years, the seal of the Calvert Associates appeared in Commonweal's *masthead. The magazine was founded under the auspices of the Calvert Associates in 1924.*

The falsehood of Communism is, above all, in its spiritual essence, in the spiritual slavery, which it is offering to mankind. The rejection of God, a continuous, militant, final rejection, inevitably leads to the rejection of man. Both God and man are replaced by the coming social collective body. Christianity also seeks for a new life; a better, a more just life, an order of human life founded on a feeling of brotherhood, not on that of beast-like struggle, on competition and egoism. Christ calls us to a perfection such as the perfection of our heavenly Father. He tells us to seek for the kingdom of God. Loyalty to Christ's commandments demands eternal improvement, reform; a reaching out toward perfection; a regeneration not only of personal but also of social life; because the relation of man to man, to his neighbor, inevitably manifests itself in a social order; it projects itself into the social sphere. We must struggle not only against personal but also against social sin. Christianity wants a more radical victory over evil, a more radical regeneration of life, than Communism demands. In Communism this transformation is seen in a secularized manner, in a soul which has lost faith in the Christian idea of God's kingdom; yet even here the origin of the idea is a religious one. But contemporary Communism declares that God's kingdom is on earth and exists without any God whatsoever.

The opposition between Christianity and Communism lies in the fact that Christianity subjects the seeking after a more just and perfect society to God Himself, as the Source of all Life and and Truth; it also accepts the unconditional value of human personality, which was fashioned in the image and likeness of God, i.e., it demands that society should respect the spiritual life of man. But Communism cuts off the idea of a perfect social order from the conception of God and of human personality. Therefore for Communism the aim and meaning of human life is limited to life upon earth. Militant Communism cuts off all that pertains to the beyond, all that is transcendental; it rejects eternity. This quite changes the character of social life. Its improvement and perfecting is not a path toward God's kingdom, toward life eternal in God and with God. This social order is deified in itself as the final condition of man, as his final fate, beyond which nothing exists. Therefore social life and social organization completely and definitely subject man and crush out his spiritual life. . . .

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TERROR IN VIENNA

GEORGE N. SHUSTER

An eyewitness report on the Nazi coup in Austria

April 15, 1938

WE HAVE passed through a week of harrowing experiences, still so vivid in the memory that I can hardly bring myself to write about them. It is one thing to see blood spilled, and another to watch the soul of man writhe in torment and then die. On the fateful Wednesday evening when Dr. Schuschnigg announced that Austria was to pass judgment on its government and its future, I happened to be touring the provinces with an Austrian journalist. In so far as we were concerned the news dispelled any illusions we may have entertained concerning the fateful gravity of the situation. A blow was to be struck in favor of Austrian independence, but it could hardly succeed unless somewhere in Europe a promise of substantial aid had been given.

Information concerning that point was reserved to a handful of people. But we could see—and this the next day's travel was to make even clearer—that in so far as the country itself was concerned, there was no room for doubt concerning the decision. The government had been everything but popular. It was based on an attempt to exercise a "Catholic dictatorship" in a notoriously anticlerical state, and such stability as it possessed was the result far less of its own innate strength than of the intense hatred which separated its enemies of the Right and Left. Nevertheless after Berchtesgaden a kind of miracle had happened. The Chancellor's plucky stand for independence and his promise to modify the rigid financial policies of his government had evoked a wave of popularity which was constantly growing more impressive.

There were Nazi demonstrations in almost all towns, but nowhere excepting possibly in Styria did they serve any other purpose than to show that the strength of Hitler's support had been greatly exaggerated. Workers, including many embittered former Social Democrats, were flocking to the Schuschnigg colors, and it seemed quite possible that in two weeks the gulf between the Catholic party and labor would be healed. Later on I was to regret having gone on this reconnoitering trip, but the fact that I went at least enables me to declare without any hesitance whatsoever that the situation was fully under the government's control, that the plebiscite was being organized with the utmost fairness, and that every sign pointed to a severe Nazi defeat. All stories and rumors to the contrary are fabrications. It is true that some pressure was brought to bear on civil servants, and that the government was in control of most of the instruments of propaganda. But in every other respect the road to the polls was so unobstructed that one had difficulty in realizing that Austria was not a democratic state.

We drove on through mountainous and sparsely settled country, so that we arrived in Graz late at night on March 11, utterly unaware that the government had yielded to Hitler's ultimatum. There we ran headlong into a delirious Nazi demonstration. The car was surrounded by a crowd of schoolboys carrying any number of assorted weapons. "Jews! Jews!" resounded on all sides, and it was only by dint of displaying a measure of good feeling which I did not possess that we were able to extricate ourselves and leave for Vienna despite the hour and a blinding snowstorm. Almost every mile of what seemed the longest trip on record was interrupted with shouts. Boys armed with rifles and bayonets leaped from the roadside and insisted upon inspecting our passports and our political opinions. Once we lost our bearings and instead of keeping to the main highway drove up to a Franciscan monastery. When the error had been corrected, there gathered round us in that darkness a band of armed youngsters the oldest of whom was seventeen. They insisted upon searching the car for "treasures" which they thought we were escorting to safety.

At last we reached Vienna at five in the morning. The city, which had never boasted of more than a few thousand active Nazis, was asleep excepting for a small group of the faithful still congregated before the German tourist bureau in the Kaerntnerstrasse, inside which a huge portrait of Hitler was banked with flowers. But there was little time for slumber. An hour later German bombers began to "demonstrate" over the city. They swooped down so close to the housetops that every other sound was drowned out. Round about, groups of high school boys began to mount guard. Directly across the street from us, for example, two urchins in knee pants stood with rifles and bayonets looking for all the world like boy scouts run amuck. The vanguard of the German army, seated in trucks and armed to the teeth, began to roar through the streets. Terrorization was in progress—the method adopted for enforcing submission

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by creating what can be defined as absolute insecurity.

In order to understand what this means one must remember that probably less than a third of Vienna's population can qualify as German according to Nazi principles. For all these people the borders had been hermetically sealed the night before. The coup had come so suddenly that Austria was a huge trap. By eight in the morning every resident American in the city had a swarm of visitors asking the impossible. They begged for aid in cajoling passports out of the embassy or in being smuggled out of the country. I have never seen so much despair and frenzy in all my life. Meanwhile more and more thousands of Germans were brought to Vienna. Police, black shirts and brown shirts, soldiers and officials —all these were impressive, but most striking of all were the masses of organized school children, brought down by train and truck to demonstrate when Hitler arrived. Soon the otherwise quiet and dignified city became a veritable bedlam. All day and all night the roar continued, rendering sleep an incredible luxury.

The pogrom followed. Jewish shops were plundered and smashed. Houses were entered and ransacked. Individuals were pursued on the streets. Property was confiscated without a moment's warning. Whole streets looked as if a tornado had passed along. But far worse than all this was the horrible despair which unnerved hundreds of thousands—a despair so omnipresent that suicide was a normal recourse. People stabbed or shot themselves to death on the very streets. I shall say no more about it excepting this: an American monsignor and I walked along together wondering whether even Christianity can subdue the beast in man. Cruelty surrounded us, massed, exultant and victorious. I know now what Calvary means.

Catholics too, felt the brunt of the attack. It must be conceded that the Church in Austria bore a thousand visible signs of degeneration. Generations of living out of the hand of the State had engendered a laxity and a softness hard to understand if one hails from a country where the Faith has been defended. But since 1933 regeneration had made progress. A group of vigorous young priests and laymen had put their shoulders to the wheel, and things were slowly moving in the right direction. Today any dreams they may have cherished of a religious restoration are at an end in so far as the corporate life of society is concerned. Many of them are in prison. Others managed by a hairbreadth to escape the country. The careers of thousands are wrecked. The Church must now learn anew out of the school of darkness.

Nevertheless, when Hitler entered the city, the bells of St. Stephen's Cathedral rang out in welcome. I do not wish to judge harshly, but I doubt whether in all history there is a more shameless incident. It was for many of my acquaintances who sensed the full moral ignominy of what was happening round about, just as if Christ had really made a pact with Satan in the hour of temptation. Nevertheless this incident is offset in my memory by the unforgettable heroism of many, priests and people, who risked all rather than betray the Faith in which charity takes precedence over everything.

Then there is the world of beauty and gentleness or urbanity and artistic excellence, which has looked upon Vienna as its home. Down upon it all the tides of barbarism descended, with goose-step and primitive mummery. On Sunday morning I went as usual to the Hofkapelle to hear the boys sing high Mass. But when the priest ascended the altar there was no singing—the streets were so blocked with German Nazis that the choir had been unable to get through. There were tears in the eyes of almost everyone. I thought of what Grey had said in 1914: "The lights are going out all over Europe, and it will be a long time until they burn again." This silence in the Hofkapelle, what was it other than a symbol of the gloom into which we have gone and are perchance going? Children's voices were not raised in song. Instead youngsters patrolled the streets with bayonets.

I was so shaken by this experience that for hours I walked about aimlessly, hardly noticing the shouting

and the roaring and the click of steel. All this was merely external. What mattered was not what had come, but what had gone—the values of Christendom no longer earned but merely inherited, now to be struggled for tenaciously again through long generations with quiet heroism, self-sacrifice and martyrdom. These values must be rescued not only through the present difficult times but through the even more perilous days ahead. For there is nobody over here who doubts that Europe is on the brink of irreparable disaster.

I can only appeal to the generous heart of America as best I can for immediate aid. Every cent expended on relief work will not only mitigate human suffering but will save minds and hands for the Christian regeneration of society. It is so great an opportunity that it is difficult to think of anything comparable. Should these words of mine awaken any measure of response, the experience of having lived through that week in Vienna will have been worth while. I am not pleading for humanity in the abstract, but for dozens upon dozens of individuals whose only offense is that they are partly of Jewish blood— as

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Christ was of Jewish blood—or that they have loved the Church more than all else.

There is one thing more. The German war machine which rumbled through Austria is a surprisingly efficient organization. It may not be everything the Imperial army was in 1914, but it has discipline and equipment. To it the conquest of Austria is of tremendous advantage. In all human probability there would have been neither such an army nor such a conquest without two great factors—Hitlerism and a certain "national Catholicism." The second prepared the way both in Germany and in Austria. I think we must look both facts squarely in the face. It is foolhardy to deny that the Nazi creed occupies the same central position in the world outlook that Bolshevism did after the war. And just as certain extremist Catholics turned much too far to the Left under the impact of Communism, so others have moved Rightward without reservations under the spell of chauvinism and Hitlerism.

Why this should be when Christian principle is so plain and uncompromising remains somewhat of a mystery even after one has tried to study the evolution of modern ideas. There must be a fault somewhere not in the structure of our social ethics but in our pedagogy. America still has time and opportunity to discover where the mistake lies and to rectify it. That having been done, we may not be able to halt the triumph of destructive forces, but can at least prevent their emergence to victory through the Catholic gate. That may seem like a fairly remote and impractical program. I can assure you that no other course of action would be comparably beneficent.

THE HOUSE ON MOTT STREET

DOROTHY DAY

A pot of soup is sufficient to make a beginning

May 6, 1938

God seems to wish us to remain poor and in debt and never knowing where we are going to get the money to pay our grocery bills or provide the next meal. . . . But we are convinced that this is how the work should go. We are literally sharing the poverty of those we help. They know we have nothing, so they do not expect much and they even try to help. Some of our best workers have been recruited from the unemployed line. They are not going to a magnificent building to get meager aid. They are not going to contemplate with bitterness the expensive buildings to be kept up, and perhaps paid for on the installment plan, and compare it with their state. They are not going to conjecture as to the property and holdings of the Church and criticize how their benefactors live while they suffer destitution.

The trouble is, in America, Catholics are all trying to keep up with the other fellow, to show, as Peter Maurin puts it, "I am just as good as you are," when what they should say is, "I am just as bad as you are."

There are no hospices because people want to put up buildings which resemble the million-dollar Y.M.C.A.'s. If they can't do it right they won't do it at all. There is the Italian proverb, "The best is the enemy of the good." Don Bosco had a good companion who was always not wanting to do things because they could not be done right. But he went right ahead and took care of his boys in one abandoned building after another, being evicted, threatened with an insane asylum and generally looked upon as a fool. Rose Hawthorne who founded the cancer hospital at Hawthorne, New York, started in a small apartment in an East Side tenement, not waiting for large funds to help her in the work.

Once the work of starting houses of hospitality is begun, support comes. The Little Flower has shown us her tremendous lesson of "the little way." We need that lesson especially in America where we want to do things in a big way or not at all.

A small store is sufficient to start the work. One pot of soup or a pot of coffee and some bread is sufficient to make a beginning. You can feed the immediate ones who come and God will send what is needed to continue the work. . . .What is really necessary, of course, and it is not easy, is that one put everything he has into the work. It is not easy to contemplate, of course, but for those who feel called to do the work, if they honestly give everything they have, God takes care of the work abundantly. We have to remember the case of Ananias who was trying to hold out, even while he wished to enjoy the privileges of belonging to the group. . . .

"The little way," faith in God and the realization that it is He that performs the work, and lastly, not being afraid of dirt and failure, and criticism. These are the things which must be stressed in holding up the

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technique of works of mercy as a means of regaining the workers to Christ.

We have read so many advertisements about germs and cleanliness and we think so much of modern improvements, plumbing, prophylaxis, sterilization, that we need to read again, thinking in terms of ourselves, what our Lord said to His Apostles: "Not what goeth into a man, but what proceedeth from a man defileth him."

Please understand that we are not averse to the progress of science. We think of cleanliness with longing and never hope to achieve it. We spend money on food instead of on fresh paint and I defy anyone to make an old tenement clean with plain scrubbing. Antique plumbing, which goes with poverty and tenements, cold water, no baths, worn wood full of splinters that get under the nails, stained and chipped baseboards, tin ceilings, all these things, besides the multitudes that come in and out every day, make for a place that gets pretty dirty. And we get plenty of criticism for it, the justice and injustice of which must be acknowledged. Sometimes it rains or snows and then two thousand feet tracking in the muck from the street makes the place hopeless. But if we waited until we had a clean place before we started to feed and house people, we'd be waiting a long time and many would go hungry. . . .

There is not much time to think of one's soul when the body cries out for food. "You cannot preach the gospel to men with empty stomachs," Abbé Lugan says.

So we make our plea for houses of hospitality which in the shadow of the church recall men to Christ and to the job of rebuilding the social order. Catholic France had 2,000 leper houses during that time of emergency in the Middle Ages. We are confronted by an emergency today, a need that only Christians can supply. We must bring workers to Christ as it has been done down through the ages and is being done today in all missionary lands.

I quote the Holy Father on works of mercy:

"The preaching of truth did not make many conquests for Christ. The preaching of truth led Christ to the cross. It is through charity that He has gained souls and brought them to follow Him. There is no other way for us to gain them. Look at the missionaries. Through which way do they convert the pagans? Through the good deeds which they multiply about them. You will convert those who are seduced by communist doctrines in the measure you will show them that the faith in Christ and the love of Christ are inspired by personal interest and good deeds. You will do it in the measure that you will show them that nowhere else can be found such a source of charity."

THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR

AN EDITORIAL

In a troubled time, an attempt at a non-partisan approach

June 24, 1938

As long as "total" war continues on the Spanish peninsula, it will continue to torment all of us, both in America and in Europe. We do not for an instant pretend that what is said below is the only proper position for Catholics in the matter; we only affirm our belief, subject to correction, that our position is perfectly compatible with Catholic principles and that it is a view shared by many thousands of American Catholics.

First of all we feel that some distinction must be made between the Spanish problem *in Spain* and the Spanish problem *in the United States.* In Spain there is an active civil war which is being fought by both sides in order to achieve, from the point of view of each political group, a better social order. The same struggle to achieve a better social order exists in every country but not in the form of an *armed* struggle, of a civil war. The general problem exists throughout the world, but the war in Spain relates to Spaniards *acting* in their immediate struggle and allegiance; outside Spain it relates to non-Spaniards *observing* a more remote armed struggle and engaged in the general problem in a different way.

We do not feel qualified to discuss the problem as it is in Spain in any detail because the information available is so generally characterized by propaganda that we do not have any sufficient knowledge of the whole situation. Two reports on a single event emanating from the opposing camps will be in complete contradiction to each other. The official principles of each side must be taken into account, but the actions of each side, when they can be known, speak louder than words.

A Spaniard, unless he is one of the few who are determined—and able—to make the "double refusal," seemingly must choose between two governments whose characters are mixed and are impossible to know from here with any comprehensiveness.

One government, or part of it, has instigated, or at least permitted, the murder of priests, nuns and lay people; has utilized ruthless methods of accomplishing social and political and economic ends, and chosen, as far as it is possible to see, many objectives in all these

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fields that should be condemned. Its alliance with Russia implies some, if an unknown, degree of identification with the evils of the Soviet régime.

The second government, which gives the Church open support, yet, in its conduct of warfare, repeatedly and despite protests from the Holy Father, destroys defenseless civilians, particularly by its air raids upon cities. Air raids made by one side cannot cancel out those made by the other. Many of its leaders give utterance to totalitarian views very similar to those which have been condemned by the Church in other countries. The system of government it utilizes and favors, so far as can be seen, contains elements that should be sharply rejected. Its alliance with the Fascist and Nazi nations implicates it to some, if an uncertain, extent in the evils of those régimes. Of course, both Spanish governments are in a state of war, which of necessity, under any régime imposes certain limitations on human freedom. The choice is, to our way of thinking, tragic, however much analogous choices have been necessary in the past and seem almost to be, from time to time, inevitable in man's political life.

What is the duty of Americans toward Spaniards in their present trouble? There is, of course, the obligation of alleviating distress and suffering on both sides, as much as lies in our power. There is the obligation of doing everything we can for peace. And there is the greatest obligation of all—the universal obligation of prayer for all the human souls involved in the conflict.

But there is a further obligation—that of learning what we can from the crucial struggle in Spain for use in the constant efforts we must make to achieve a better social order in our own country. There are two attitudes we can take in attempting to fulfill this obligation.

We can conceive the struggle for a better social order as inevitably taking in one's own country a pattern similar to that which it has taken in Spain. This usually involves whole-hearted partisanship for one side or the other in the Spanish war. It is the warm and emotional way of looking at the matter; it is the way which has been embraced by most American organs of opinion.

Or else we can try to learn from the Spanish war what to do in order to avoid the things on both sides of that conflict which seem incompatible with the achievement of a better society, and in order to carry on the developments necessary here without precipitating the carnage and hate engendered by war. This is, viewed superficially, an unappealing way of looking at the matter, and invites accusations of barren intellectualism, of indifference toward the truth. Yet we believe it is the charitable way, the rational and human way. It is not an attempt to achieve negative neutrality, which denies the existence of absolute right, but a positive impartiality: a search for the right, unblinded by that passionate partisanship which simplifies the problems that confront us to the dimensions of a slogan, and claims the right as the complete and exclusive possession of one warring party.

In this country there has been violent partisanship either for the Spanish Nationalists or for the Madrid-Barcelona government. We feel that violent American partisanship on either side with regard to the Spanish question is bad, not only because the facts are obscure, but chiefly because both sides include elements that no American wants imported into this country. Neither has begun to enforce or even propounded anything comparable to the bill of rights, which protects an individual from unbearable abuse of authority.

It is alleged by his supporters that Franco is not a fascist, but a restorer of order; by its supporters that Madrid is not opposed to Christianity, but only to "political Catholicism." Since both allegations emanate from partisan sources, they are subject to serious question. But the fact remains that one section of the American public has been convinced that Franco is a fascist; another section has equally been convinced that the Madrid government is atheist and communist. In the United States the practical effect of being unreservedly and uncritically pro-Nationalist is to *seem* to one's fellow Americans pro-fascist; of being pro-Government is to *seem* pro-communist and anti-religious. The result is to intensify and to make more effectively dangerous both genuine fascism and communism in the United States.

To be strongly partisan concerning the Spanish Civil War is indeed to aggravate a current intellectual disease: the conviction that we are going to be forced to choose between fascism and communism. This is a dangerous disease; sufferers from it are blinded by it to the truth that both systems are anti-Christian and secularist. (Unquestionably the greatest error is to think that the life of Christianity is bound up with the maintenance of any such temporal form of society.) The choice today is between secularism, the Hegelian state in any of its current forms, and the "personalist" Christian state, conceived as existing for the protection and assistance of its citizens. The issue is, of course, never clear in any given instance; but to transfer the issue from its proper ground—the distinction between the conception of man as free and the conception of man as existing only by favor of the state—to a totally improper ground is to further the cause of evil. The freedom that demands the constant vigilance and protection of every citizen is the freedom to pursue a person's spiritual, mental and social life without dictation by the exterior material force of a majority or a directing minority.

We are quite frankly whole-hearted partisans of the personalist, Christian state. The seeds of both fascism and communism will germinate only in the soil of injustice, and then must be fertilized by a general public conviction that the leaders of the non-totalitarian state are deficient in moral strength and do not deserve the confidence of their people.

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The problem of preserving or creating a form of state in which Christianity can truly flourish is therefore primarily a moral problem and one internal to the country concerned. In each instance both the government and all citizens must dedicate themselves to remedying present injustices, solving present social and economic problems, and, as much as is possible, preventing future injustice. Those entrusted with the governance of the state must strive in every way to make themselves worthy of public confidence and trust.

In more homely words, the best because the only effective way to fight anti-Christian totalitarianism is to make one's own country a thoroughly decent place to live in, to "restore all things in Christ."

It is for these reasons that we believe that the wisest, as also the most charitable and perhaps the most difficult, policy for Americans is to maintain that "positive impartiality," a sanity of judgment toward both sides in Spain, expressing a preference for specific ideas and actions when they are certainly known, but being an uncritical partisan of neither. Americans should cease labeling everything they may not like in America or elsewhere as either "fascist" or "communist"; they should try, instead, to study American problems not only in the hope of contributing to their reasonable and equitable solution but also in the belief that such a solution in America will constitute a part of the solution of international and world problems. Above all, we must avoid fostering the growth of totalitarianism and hatred of Christianity by avoiding all activities that even faintly encourage that spirit of hysterical opposition and human distrust which is the very life blood of both of those systems. Peace can come only where there is good-will, and when there is good-will, the road is open to peace.

PEARL HARBOR
AN EDITORIAL

Out of controversy and dissension, national unity

Dec. 19, 1941

THE SURPRISE attack on Hawaii brought the United States into the war the way that gives the country the maximum possible political strength. No one in the country, no matter what committee or school of thought he has belonged to during recent debates, wants a condition which permits Pearl Harbor to be bombed. We are locked in a unity to beat off a naval and military threat which our enemies themselves have made a physical fact that no argument, theorizing or political viewpoint can remove from reality. Disastrous as the opening of the war may be to military and naval effectiveness at the disposal of the United States government, it is highly doubtful if Japan gained an advantage to compensate for the unity she gave this country in return. The United States is a colossus with a great and able population, an unrivaled organization of resources, the greatest productive capacity known to history, a position too far removed from enemies to permit quick overrunning under any circumstances, and it cannot be knocked out by any brilliant and powerful and deceptive sudden attack.

The past is irreversible. Our political, naval, military, and diplomatic past suffered the sharpest possible break when the planes came over Diamond Head. The past is not only irreversible, but in a certain way that is paradoxical—since men have freedom of choice in the present —and in a way hard to realize emotionally, the past was inevitable. When we review what was and what we did, it is indulgent and weakening to sentimentalize about what might have been; it is proper only to have remorse and penitence for our sins, resolve of amendment, and thus to prepare for a hard present and a better future.

Reviewing this magazine's comments over the past, it is evident that the editors of *The Commonweal* tried in that past to encourage an American policy that would keep this country out of the war. This magazine viewed with alarm the increasing integration of our national effort in the war abroad. Trying to see the proper ends of national policy and trying to judge the means at our disposal, we went on record against taking free actions that seemed steps toward the vortex into which almost all but the Americas had been swept. From the beginning we feared the East. Before Europe entered its general war, when Spain was still aflame, we wrote (February 3, 1939):

> Like Mussolini, Japanese leaders declare that sanctions mean war. Perhaps, we shall see. Assuming a general war between what is now called the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo-Burgos axis and its enemies, the first job the democracies would urge us to perform would be to ride herd on Latin America and (ironically) protect the Far Eastern empires of the democracies. The American public must not become so concentrated on Europe that we lose sight of ampler but looser drama of the East. The government does not do so. . . .

In August, 1939, the month before Hitler attacked

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Poland, a comment was published on Paul McNutt's statement that "isolation means at least trebling our present navy." If we were to take the firm policy of defending the Philippines, the editorial said, "probably no self-respecting naval man would hazard a guess at the size navy we might need." Then, just now, during these last hopeless conversations, three weeks ago, *The Commonweal* said that "a Pacific war is logical, but it is still absurd." And last week we reemphasized our ignorance: on what was safest for America's longer future, on what was best for all oriental people, on the outcome of Japanese conversations and of U.S. national policy: "Japan backs down as far as we think she should back down; the present state of tension is allowed to drag on to another crisis; we go to war with Japan." Now Japan has decided what alternative was to end the past. Its history can be taken up again from the final exchanged notes with Japan when this war approaches settlement. Our ranks are joined now in reasserting for the future the freedom of American history from the assaults of enemies.

Wars, as the Greeks said, and as others up to modern revolutionaries say, have "progressive, positive" aspects, and negative and destructive. So great is the tragedy of this Second World War that it can easily overwhelm our historical judgment. Proclaimed by our Senate and Representatives on the Patronal Feast of our nation, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, our state of war carries the final Great Power into this catastrophe of the civilization which our parents knew. The violence to the spirit, the death and the destruction of men, institutions and resources that inflicts and impends over our people and the world makes every attempt at cooler analysis feel like an indignity, like an insult to the good that is to be blasted. But however closely caught we are in this human calamity, we are obligated as human beings to search out what is, and to find what is possible. We must put our energies into the creative currents of this wild time as much as possible, in order to survive and in order to have a livable world to survive in. We must try to distinguish between using the organized energies of the war to build a positive peace from merely dissipating those energies in destroying symptoms and symbols of the forces fighting against us. We must make a distinction between calling forth sacrifices for a common effort on one hand, and taking advantage of the war situation for personal or group advantage on the other.

Most of all, our human ignorance about the course of history, our inability to judge the happiness of strangers, our essential ignorance about what act and what condition are for the final benefit of other persons whose spirit and conscience we do not know, must enforce the human and Christian precept that man must regard the good or evil of his act and leave the resolution of his life and history to God alone. We do not know the ends that would evolve historically from our worldly judgment. Our social plans and political objectives must be relative. We are accountable for the means we use.

Now let our fight be for the possibility of the moral act, for our freedom to choose with the responsibility that is right for man, between good and evil. It is human to break the threat to our freedom which has been launched against us. But the freedom we seek cannot eliminate the evil choice. We cannot fight until wrong has left the world. The prospect of our material war can properly be limited by the knowledge that our forces cannot impose freedom on others, and armed power cannot compel anybody freely to decide what is good. Our spiritual warfare will last as long as mankind does, and it must be waged within ourselves.

ENGLISH IN OUR LITURGY

H. A. REINHOLD

Why we advocate use of the vernacular

March 16, 1945

THE English must be the best available on the level of a T. S. Eliot or W. H. Auden. Its savor must be akin to Winston Churchill's power of formulation and must have, on a religious plane, the earthiness and force which he shows in his political language. It must be done by men sufficiently scholars of Scripture, liturgies and history to be able to take a word like "mystery" which has a definite liturgical meaning and render it so as to bring out this meaning in a way every man can grasp. This is neither a field for well-meaning little stylists, second-rate poets and would-be mystics, nor for the scribes whose world consists in jots and tittles over which they stumble in awkward contortions. No translation is better than the wrong one. We will have to wait—even if, in my opinion, it is five minutes before closing time. . . .

By now it ought to be clear why we advocate vernacu-

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lar parts in the liturgy. We are concerned with the people, the people of the twentieth century, the people here in America. We see the starvation diet of their spirituality shrinking further as time goes on, while radio, press and movie expose them continuously to the impact of sensation, thrill and emotional upheaval. Our religious life is well on the way to deterioration into a set of devices and patent remedies for ills. The derivatives prevail and substitutes have the field. Even our enthusiastic piety has shrunk to a few oblique aspects. Clichés have completely conquered our religious way of expression, and the evangelical content of Catholicism, not to mention the almost forgotten Old Testament, is nearly an unknown territory to our people. There is a crying need for the celebrated and solemnized broadcasting of the Word as only the liturgy does it. It cannot be achieved any longer by Latin, in my opinion, and a congregation in which only the more intellectual part have one eye on the altar, and the other one on a translation, certainly ought to be bettered.

It is quite natural that the advocacy of such a change, which affects neither faith, nor morals nor even discipline, comes like a rather bold endeavor in an age which values monolithic uniformity above the bygone custom of speaking your mind and playing the rôle of the self-appointed prophet. There is a great deal to be said against these efforts, their timeliness, their feasibility and their eventual hopes to achieve anything but a futile and angry controversy. We cannot possibly vent all the aspects in one stride. We must make a few generalizations. . . .

There are the ones who think that Latin is more majestic, sonorous and beautiful than English. If that be true, why not find an even more majestic, sonorous language—e.g., Greek! Greek is richer, more flexible, and it is the original language of our New Testament.

There is the old story that Latin is the language of the Church. So is Greek, Coptic, Slavonic. While it is a practical language and venerable through age and tradition—which others are, too—it does not surpass Hebrew, e.g., in religious vocabulary! It is good for Canon Law, for Thomistic Theology, for concise collects and prefaces, more majestic hymns like "Vexilla Regis" —but what is this all to our people? Only a few of us take scores along to a concert or opera—why do we expect the people to carry textbooks to Mass? They are there to pray, to sing, to listen and to sacrifice. It should be made as simple as that. Even a rosary at Mass is a detour. . . .

One of the worst reasons, which comes usually from rather esoteric circles, is the reference to our culture and its preservation. European intellectuals visualize with horror an America in which even their last vestige of Hellenic antiquity will be gone. And they see in the future American Church something sunk to the level of the sect, something plebeian to a terrible degree, something devoid of all those Latin graces which survive the onslaught of modern totalitarian, egalitarian commercialism and sloppy emotionalism only in the Roman Church. I might add: and in the Metropolitan Museum of Art et alia. . . .

THE ATOM BOMB
AN EDITORIAL

Hiroshima and Nagasaki: names of American guilt and shame

Aug. 24, 1945

Two months ago we were writing about poison gas. We said: "To the Orient we are bringing the latest inventions of our civilization. There is only one we have not brought. It is gas. If we use that we will have brought them all. Gas is no worse than flame. It is only that it is one more weapon. The last one we have to use. Until we invent a new one." And then we said: "The time has come when nothing more can be added to the horror if we wish to keep our coming victory something we can use—or that humanity can use."

Well, it seems that we were ridiculous writing that sort of thing. We will not have to write that sort of thing any more. Certainly, like everyone else, we will have to write a great deal about the future of humanity and the atomic bomb. But we will not have to worry any more about keeping our national victory clean. It is now defiled.

There were names of places in Europe which from the early days of the war were associated with a German idea that by disregarding the rights of civilians you could shorten a war. These names of places—Rotterdam, Coventry—were associated, and seemed likely to be associated in men's minds for a great number of years, with a judgment of German guilt and German shame. There was a port in the Pacific which sheltered American naval power. It was attacked by air without warning and the name Pearl Harbor was associated, and seemed likely to be associated for many years, with a Japanese idea that you could win a war by attacking the enemy before declaring war on the enemy. The name

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Pearl Harbor was a name for Japanese guilt and shame.

The name Hiroshima, the name Nagasaki are names for American guilt and shame.

The war against Japan was nearly won. Our fleet and Britain's fleet stood off Japan's coast and shelled Japan's cities. There was no opposition. Our planes, the greatest bombers in the world flew from hard won, gallantly won bases and bombed Japanese shipping, Japanese industry and already, Japanese women and children. Each day they announced to the Japanese where the blows would fall, and the Japanese were unable to prevent anything they chose to do.

Then, without warning an American plane dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima.

Russia entered the war. There was no doubt before or after Russia entered the war that the war against Japan was won. An American plane dropped the second atomic bomb on Nagasaki.

We had to invent the bomb because the Germans were going to invent the bomb. It was a matter of avoiding our own possible destruction. We had to test the bomb and we tested it in a desert. If we were to threaten the use of it against the Japanese, we could have told them to pick a desert and then go look at the hole. Without warning we dropped it into the middle of a city and then without warning we dropped it into the middle of another city.

And then we said that this bomb could mean the end of civilization if we ever got into a war and everyone started to use it. So that we must keep it a secret. We must keep it as sole property of people who know how to use it. We must keep it the property of peace-loving nations. That is what we said about the atomic bomb—together with odds and ends about motors the size of pin points which would drive a ship three times round the world—that is what we said about it, after we had used it ourselves. To secure peace, of course. To save lives, of course. After we had brought indescribable death to a few hundred thousand men, women and children, we said that this bomb must remain always in the hands of peace-loving peoples.

For our war, for our purposes, to save American lives we have reached the point where we say that anything goes. That is what the Germans said at the beginning of the war. Once we have won our war we say that there must be international law. Undoubtedly.

When it is created, Germans, Japanese and Americans will remember with horror the days of their shame.

THE SIN OF SEGREGATION

GEORGE H. DUNNE

Exposing the sophistry underneath well-worn arguments

Sept. 21, 1945

THE racist mind has contrived an almost limitless number of evasive analogies to justify the unjustifiable. They are evasive because they all ignore the crucial point which makes *racial* segregation essentially different from other kinds of segregation. It is said that if racial segregation were a violation of justice it would follow that I must admit into the circle of my intimate friends anyone who demands admittance and that I must keep perpetual open house to the whole world. The ancient sophists were more subtle than this.

We choose our friends for a variety of reasons, some good some bad, and according to a variety of tests, some consciously apprehended some known only to the subconscious. We may offend against charity by excluding certain individuals, but no one pretends that every individual has a fundamental right in justice to be accepted as an intimate friend of everyone else. You may not like my looks, you may not like my personality, you may not like my ideas. I may resent this, but I shall not charge you with injustice. I shall probably say: "Everyone to his tastes; and in any case, the feeling is mutual." But if you like everything about me except the fact my ancestors were Irish and *for this reason alone* shut the door in my face, I shall charge you with injustice. In such an event, however, I shall not desire your friendship, because your attitude reveals a shallowness of mind that is distasteful to me. Only the snob is anxious for the friendship of snobs.

When we look honestly at this question we see that it is the advocate, not the antagonist, of racial segregation who impugns our right to choose our friends. The pattern of *racial* segregation and the prejudices which are a part of it say to me who am white: "We deny your right to include among your friends or to open your home to anyone who is of Negro ancestry. If you violate this taboo we shall cast you out of society." The social ostracism imposed upon me by a racist so-

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ciety is clearly an effort to interfere with my freedom to choose my own friends. . . .

It is said that people have the right to protect the value and desirability of their homes by preventing undesirable characters from invading the neighborhood. The tattered shreds of this well-worn argument ill conceal the naked sophistry underneath. Like all the other analogies, it ignores the essential difference between *racial* segregation and other kinds of segregation. Granting, for the sake of argument, the right to keep moral delinquents or slovenly housekeepers out of the neighborhood, the question is: upon what ground do you refuse admittance to one who is neither a moral delinquent nor a slovenly housekeeper and whose only "offense" is that he has Negro ancestors? And the answer is: it is because you falsely and unjustly assume that the fact of Negro ancestry is itself a form of uncleanness. Establish your residential restrictions upon whatever other basis you choose—moral conduct, social grace, physical cleanliness, domestic propriety. (Whether or not the civil law will support them has nothing to do with the question at issue.) None of these restrictions implies the existence of a people whose nature is itself unclean.

The sophistry and hypocrisy of those who defend residential segregation by appealing to their right to maintain a proper standard of morals, of cleanliness, of beauty surrounding their homes is made manifest by the undoubted fact that these same people, for the most part, would prefer a white neighbor who violated all of their standards to a Negro neighbor who more than measured up to their most stringent demands. A white debauchee will be admitted when a Negro saint would never be tolerated. . . .

It is difficult for the mind to emancipate itself from widely accepted social patterns. The history of the polemics about slavery provides a striking example of this. Today the Christian conscience instinctively repudiates slavery and without the necessity of recourse to involved casuistry recognizes it as incompatible with the dignity of man. Yet less than one hundred years ago the pattern of slavery was so woven into the social fabric that its protagonists found no trouble enlisting in its defense the support of many reputable moralists. The treatises they wrote make interesting reading today. One does not know whether to admire their ingenuity or pity their ingenuousness.

It is probable—at least we must think so if we are not to despair—that one hundred years from now the Christian conscience will repudiate with equal decisiveness the whole pattern of racial segregation. In that happy event the lucubrations of mid-twentieth-century apologists for Jim Crow will make interesting, if sad, reading. . . .

One of the most naive sophisms which the unavowed Catholic racist invokes to defend Jim Crow is the assertion that Catholic schools, since they are *institutions*, have the right to admit or exclude whomsoever they choose. It is a proof of the allure of sophistry that sincere men, themselves no friends of racism, have sometimes been beguiled by this far from subtle play on words. . . .

In what sense is a Catholic institution a "private institution"? In the sense that it is not a state supported or controlled institution. Therefore, should the state attempt to enforce a practice which violated Christian principles—as, for example, the practice of racial segregation—the Catholic institution is not obliged to submit; is obliged, on the contrary, to resist. In no sense is the Catholic institution a "private institution" *as against the Church*, regardless of what order or congregation or ecclesiastic authority directs it. Because it is a private institution, may it teach sexual promiscuity or birth control or hatred for one's neighbors? It is a *Catholic* institution and therefore under strict obligation to conform to Catholic principles. Among those principles is the uncompromising repudiation of racism in all its forms: "The *only* road to salvation is definitely to repudiate *all* pride of race and blood." (The words are those of Pope Pius XII; the italics are added.) If Jim Crow is not the natural offspring of pride of race and blood, whose offspring is it?

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ROBERT LOWELL

THE DEAD IN EUROPE

After the planes unloaded, we fell down
Buried together, unmarried men and women;
Not crown of thorns, not iron, not Lombard crown,
Not grilled and spindle spires pointing to heaven
Could save us. Raise us, Mother, we fell down
Here hugger-mugger in the jellied fire:
Our sacred earth in our day was our curse.

Our Mother, shall we rise on Mary's day
In Maryland, wherever corpses married
Under the rubble, bundled together? Pray
For us whom the blockbusters marred and buried;
When Satan scatters us on Rising-day,
O Mother, snatch our bodies from the fire:
Our sacred earth in our day was our curse.

Mother, my bones are trembling and I hear
The earth's reverberations and the trumpet
Bleating into my shambles. Shall I bear,
(O Mary!) unmarried man and powder-puppet,
Witness to the Devil? Mary, hear
O Mary, marry earth, sea, air and fire;
Our sacred earth in our day is our curse.

July 12, 1946

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THE CATHOLIC AS PHILISTINE

WILLIAM CLANCY

An overeager censorship and unconcern for the hierarchy of values

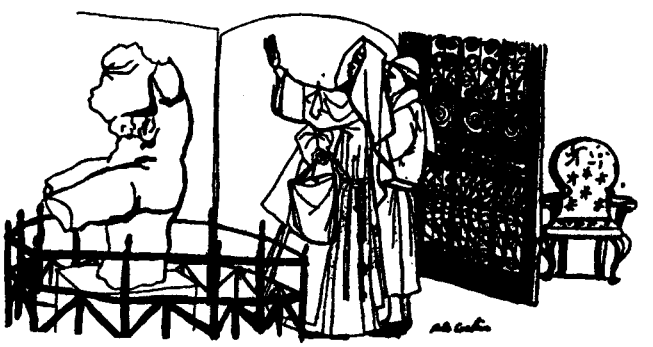
March 16, 1951

The now celebrated crusade to suppress Rossellini's film, *The Miracle*, has followed closely upon two similar campaigns: the efforts to censor and suppress the Rutgers undergraduate magazine, *Antho*, for publishing a short story which certain elements in the local Catholic community considered "immoral" and "blasphemous," and the successful attempt to remove certain Charlie Chaplin comedies from movie and television screens in New Jersey because the Catholic War Veterans "suspected Chaplin of having Leftist sympathies." These three efforts have been attended by wide publicity, and the latest one, the battle over *The Miracle*, has been marked by particular bitterness on both sides.

The pattern of these campaigns has shocked thousands of non-Catholic Americans, and this shock is shared by many loyal Catholics. Our shock, however, is a deeper one than any that can be felt by our non-Catholic neighbors, for we have more at stake; we are profoundly disturbed to see certain of our co-religionists embarked upon crusades which we feel can result only in great harm to the cause of religion, of art, and of intelligence. These appeals to mass hysteria, these highly arbitrary invocations of a police censorship must ultimately result, we feel, in great harm to the cause of religion as well as art. They are, we feel, a most deplorable violation of the human spirit, a violation which will justly expose us to the enmity of many men of goodwill, and furnish ammunition to the enemies of the Church.

These three cases of *Antho*, the Charlie Chaplin films, and *The Miracle* have much in common; they form a pattern. They involve a question of art, of the right of the artist to the free choice and treatment of his materials, and the extent to which his freedom of choice and treatment can or should be limited by prudence. They also involve the attempt to limit this freedom by appeals to mass emotion, and by consequent mass pressure. The end result, in each case, has been a semi-ecclesiastical McCarthyism, accompanied by some of the odious methods which this now implies: its "guilt by association," its appeal to prejudice and non-intelligence, its hysteria. This has made the matter of art and prudence a question for debate in the marketplace, and it has called into the debate thousands of well-meaning but misguided voices that appear to know little of the profound meaning of that which they so noisily argue about. It is a spectacle which many of us, as Catholics, can view only with shame and repulsion, for we know that neither art nor prudence, religion nor country, intelligence nor morality can be served by such means. . . .

It seems that the Church, above all other institutions, since she is the very incarnation of Truth, is the one from which, even in her temporal aspects, the spectre of McCarthyism should be most conspicuously absent. For here this spectre of irresponsible disregard for complexity, this use of "labels," this conscious appeal to surface virtue, this exploitation of non-intelligence, must appear much more deplorable than on any Senate floor —*corruptio optimi pessima*. It is to the Church, as to no human society, that we should be able to look for a deep respect for art as well as for prudence. This respect must result in a reverence for art and the artist which will make any interference with that freedom slow, very slow, to come. If it must come (and there are indeed times when it must) it will be only when a truly grave threat to faith or morals exists in the community. And when it comes it will come prayerfully and quietly. Above all it will avoid arbitrary and hasty judgments on the artist; it will scrupulously avoid making art a matter for partisan debate; it will be the last to uphold, tolerate, or advocate a police censorship of the artist, a censorship which knows practically nothing of the profound nature of that on which it passes judgment, a censorship which carries within it the most serious dangers to the dignity of the human spirit and intelligence, to freedom and art. To support an overeager censorship exhibits an unconcern for the hierarchy of values; a profoundly Philistine and un-Catholic brand of arbitrary moralism.



We have the Catholic War Veterans, organized, it would seem, to bear loud witness to those aspects of

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popular American Catholicism which are most shocking to any mature view of the function of the Church in modern society. Is it not well past the time when a national association of Catholics, especially those who write or teach, should be formed for the purpose of publicly representing and influencing a more reasoned and mature Catholic attitude toward matters on which they could speak with some competence, matters affecting questions of art, education, and the structure of society? Is it not time we cease leaving the field open to those who, however pure and sincere their intentions, seem bent on proving that, perhaps, the Paul Blanshards of America may have something to say after all?

Has history taught us nothing?

THE McCARTHY QUESTION

AN EDITORIAL

An early call for an end to illusions about the Wisconsin Senator

Oct. 26, 1951

THERE are two clear images of Senator Joe McCarthy in the public mind and several shadings in between. For a simple summation of one view of the Senator a few sentences in the current issue of the *Sign,* popular Catholic monthly, suffice admirably.

"You have to hand it to the pseudo liberals;" a *Sign* editorial reads, "when their toes are stepped upon, they can give a most unholy yell. Senator Joe McCarthy from Wisconsin has certainly found this out. He stumbled upon the Leftist nest in a speech he gave in Wheeling, W. Va., and ever since has doggedly tried to carry through the unmasking of Leftists in the State Department. Despite Alger Hiss, the pathetic Remington, and the sworn statements of Louis Budenz and Elizabeth Bentley that Owen Lattimore is a Red, the Administration still ignores the whole mess and is doing its level best to make McCarthy the prime victim of what they call McCarthyism."

This is certainly a touchingly uncomplicated version of the whole McCarthy problem, but it accurately depicts the image of fighting Joe McCarthy which still survives in many minds. Here you have McCarthy, the dauntless seeker-out of subversion, the savior of Church and State from the machinations of Reds and "pseudo liberals," the innocent victim of slander, the scourge of a stubbornly blind Administration; Joe McCarthy, the martyr, the hero, the all-American kid.

This is the McCarthy who was invited to address the Catholic Press Association convention of last year, who was vigorously hailed by the assembled journalists throughout his speech, and smiled warmly and modestly as the Catholic editors passed up to the speakers' table to receive from his own hand copies of the "secret files" he was distributing. The files proved to be something less than was expected but not the Senator, who pleaded eloquently for help in his godly, patriotic crusade.

The other clear image of McCarthy was shaped by Francis Downing in these pages last November when he wrote: "The voice of McCarthy was abroad in the land and it was now as it was in the beginning a poisoned and fearful thing. It went on forever making unproved charges, forever irresponsible, forever merely free of libel; it went on exploiting the insecure, the anxious, the confused and the afraid . . . it went on, the voice, and it harassed the discontent, and it assigned guilt, and it called names, and it laid the blame; and it talked to the emotions, and it was like balm and it assuaged. . . . We have known demagogues in our political history, but this is a special kind—an evil kind, a deliberate kind, it adds falseness to the already false. . . ."

Between these two views of McCarthy was the "What Makes Sammy Run?" case book character of the New York *Post* and Madison, Wisconsin *Times Capital* series on the Senator: an insecure mediocrity with a drive for power who seized on the burning issue of the day and managed skillfully, almost innocently, to identify himself in the public mind with work he never did; a man whose hold on reality is so slight that he finds it hard to distinguish between truth and falsehood and usually doesn't succeed.

Another in-between image is that of the hard-boiled fighting ex-Marine who doesn't worry too much about the means he uses in his just war. McCarthy gets a little rough at times, maybe; but, by George, he does get things done—didn't he wake up the country to the danger of Reds in government and smoke out the subversives? If a few innocent people suffer along the way, or if the moral tone of the Senate is lowered somewhat in the process, well, that's just too bad. But McCarthy's fight isn't a tea party.

This argument is short on facts about McCarthy's crusade and long on generalities. But even granted that the crusade has accomplished all that is claimed for it (it hasn't) it is still shockingly akin to the old defense of the Communists: "You have to break a few eggs to make an omelet." Still it explains, and justifies, McCarthyism for many.

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A final attitude toward the Senator is expressed in the cold-blooded appraisal of some of his Republican confreres who play footsie with him and his methods. As long as McCarthyism means votes, they will string along with Joe; as soon as enough people catch on, the Senator can expect to taste ice.

There no longer seems to be any excuse for intelligent Americans, especially journalists, to nurture any illusions about the Senator. The record of his reckless accusations, his evasions and half truths, his shady methods, his contempt for the processes of law and for the safeguards of civil rights is no secret. What has to be decided now is whether the value of McCarthy to the Senate and the nation is worth the price of McCarthyism; or, to put it in terms familiar to our contemporaries in Catholic journalism, whether the ends justify the means.

THE SILVER AND THE GOLD

JOHN COGLEY

Growing up Catholic in Chicago

June 10, 1955

I ran across this sentence in Leslie Fiedler's collection of essays *An End to Innocence*: "We have been evolving in recent years a new sort of sensibility, defined by a taste for *haute couture*, classical ballet, baroque opera, the rites and vestments of Catholicism. . . ." My knowledge of classical ballet, to say the least, is limited; my taste for baroque opera, I must admit, is woefully undeveloped—but how long have the "rites and vestments of Catholicism" been a part of life? The sentence stirred memories.

It has been my good fortune to see the "rites and vestments" of Catholicism at their best. There have been visits to ancient monasteries all over the world where the "rites" were carried out with loving care and unsurpassed dignity and beauty. A couple of years ago, at a papal consistory in Rome, I witnessed the splendor and richness of the ceremonies marking the investiture of new cardinals. There were Corpus Christi processions in Europe, a Eucharistic Congress once, and the moving rites of a priestly ordination. But it all began in the parish church, as it does for most of us, when I was a child. The Sunday Mass was an introduction to the world of beauty—a world that might otherwise have remained unknown.

I grew up in Chicago and not the best part of Chicago either. Beauty there was hard to come by. We did not realize it at the time, but we were surrounded by ugliness. Our homes may have been clean enough but they were monotonously plain. We went to school in buildings that were untouched by the faintest desire for architectural beauty. The churches we attended were sometimes gaudy, they were never beautiful. What pictures we had in our homes were bad prints of tasteless originals. The only sculpture we ever saw consisted of the graceless statuary that changed our churches from plain to ugly, and the stiff, graceless memorials to Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant and other worthies to be found in the city parks.

The world we lived in was a world without good music. We heard the popular songs of the day and perhaps Rosewig's "Ave Maria" at the later Masses. Only a very few grew up with any knowledge of the musical heritage that should have been ours. We were poorer than we knew.

Perhaps by some standards we might have been considered millionaires compared to the kids growing up at the same time in European cities. We probably ate much better. Our homes might have been roomier. We went to school longer. But a kid growing up in Florence, say, is surrounded by beauty. He can not avoid it. Michelangelo is out on the streets. We could see copies of Michelangelo in Chicago too, provided we went off to the Art Institute. But we rarely did. There was beauty at the Institute, but it was something to go to see; it was not part of our lives.

Our lives were boxy houses, gray streets, plaster-of-Paris duplicates of the Lourdes shrine, the gilded movie cathedrals erected by the Messrs. Balaban and Katz—all spelling out ugliness. And the ugliness was never more fearsome than when, like the Messrs. Balaban and Katz monuments, it aspired to elegance.

I wonder if any group ever grew up with less cultural contact than those of us who were raised in the gray mediocrity of the big cities of America. If we had been one rung lower on the social scale, we might have lived in the slums and participated in the street *festas* of Little Italy or the colorful processions of the Greek Easter. But so unrooted were we that we looked down on such public displays. We considered ourselves somewhat superior because we had no folk culture, traditions, or ties to the past.

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We knew nothing about the rhythm of the seasons. We were cut off from the land and from its mysteries. Most of us could not tell you our great-grandfathers' names. We had tribal loyalties but no tribal traditions. We were ashamed to sing or pray on the open streets; our dancing was done behind closed doors. An Australian primitive had more ties with his past, more cultural expression than we had. We did not, of course, realize all this.

I think that those of us who were Catholics had an advantage. Our parish churches by and large were as tasteless as the rest of our surroundings, but we early learned something of "rites and vestments." No matter how careless the individual priest might be, there was dignity, grace, restraint and measured grandeur. The poorest parishes possessed vestments and precious vessels —the only silk and gold we ever feasted our eyes on. The "rites and vestments" were our one link with the world of art. Here in church we had some fleeting contact with poetry, music, dance. The "rites" of the Mass we attended brought us into the stream of Western tradition. We were not as hopelessly cut off as we would have been without it.

On high feast days when there was a Grand Mass, as the French say, and sometimes in the cool peace of a weekday morning, the "rites and vestments of Catholicism" brought us an unaccustomed sense of beauty that seemed almost unbearable. In our innocence we tended to mistake this heightened awareness for genuine prayerfulness. Our elders sometimes made the same mistake about us. The boy who loved to go to church was thought to be "a little saint." But how often, later, when the need for beauty was satisfied elsewhere, did piety diminish!

I remember when I was a child about seven. I went to my first High Mass. There was Benediction after Mass. When the priest came to the altar in his wide silk cope, the smell of incense in the air, and placed the glittering monstrance high for all to look up to, I cried. The tears were an embarrassment and a mystery. I did not know why I was crying. I know now. It was not piety. It was hunger.

ENEMIES OF CATHOLIC PROMISE

WILFRID SHEED

The ambiguous moral pressure American Catholics inflict on themselves

Feb. 22, 1963

It is possible to have an intellectual revival without an artistic revival; and possible to have an artistic revival without a literary revival. In other words, the Catholic community in America may get all the boom it wants in scientists, teachers, and even critics, and find itself not an artist the wiser for it.

Before live things can come scrambling out of anyone's subconscious, and shake the mud off their scales, a great many things have to go right. The community-intellect is only one of them; the community-aesthetic is only one of them. American Catholics may work away earnestly at these, ploughing their stadiums into libraries, and their funny books into pocket-books, without making any dry bones live.

The first enemy is obviously the over-grown bump of caution among so many young Catholics: caution about taking on a life-time commitment to art; caution about gambling away years of apprenticeship; hysterical caution about tackling a big theme carefully, courageously. To blame this on the Church as such is to miss the point.

Few, if any, societies really approve of the kind of abandonment and obsessiveness that usually go with creativeness (they prefer the good-citizen craftsman like Bach and—who was the other one?). The American Catholic community is no different in this respect from America itself, or from the Protestant community. The difference lies mainly in a sort of ambiguous moral pressure which the American Catholic largely brings to bear on himself—he isn't sure how far he should go, how much he should commit himself—and which is reinforced by persistent counsels of prudentia, moderation, the Church as middle way and nothing but middle way.

The moral problem of dedication is more complex than it looks: but at least some of the astonishing moral training that often kept it from even arising has been relaxed in recent years. The tense, unreceptive will is no longer compulsory at most schools. Rigid custody of the imagination is seen as at least a mixed blessing. The moral law does not still, for so many Catholics, find its richest expression in the boy scout code.

Artistic temperament will always get a narrow squint from the moralists: egoism and humility, slackness and discipline, are mixed in such odd proportions there. But a promising boy need no longer find himself under the blind moral pressure, as soon as he leaves school,

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to get a good job, start a family, support his parish—pressure which used either to break him or fill him with impotent sourness. The artist is still a moral risk—staying in Paris like that, while his brother Sam is forging ahead in the bank, and thinking like a ninety-year-old man; but it is now at least understood that he *may* not be losing his faith there, that he may even be doing honorable work, though there is nothing barterable to show for it. The residue of bewilderment remaining does the artist no particular harm: it will dissolve anyway into woolly satisfaction when he gets into *Time*.

These general advances in tolerance are a necessary minimum for Catholics because, so long as they remain in the Church, they cannot shrug off lightly the sense of social obligation: if art is not considered even hypothetically honorable and useful, they are likely either to abandon it, or to become pathologically defiant about it.

We have reached a point where the idea of art, if not the fact, is respectable, and where a growth in appreciation is at least a possibility. Whether we get the actual art depends now on whether we can find people with the nerve and talent to devote themselves to it; and on whether these people can master certain more specific difficulties attaching to each form of art. Here I should like to consider a few of the special woes of fiction writing.

It is noteworthy that our poets have so far come much closer to the real thing than our fiction writers have. They are not faced with the same unresolved moral problem as fiction writers are—the problem raised by Pascal when he condemned theatrical performances in toto.

To extrapolate Pascal: direct representations of life can never be morally neutral. They must make a given action seem attractive or otherwise, probable or otherwise—at the very least, dull or otherwise. The reader is given a piece of experience which will slightly modify his judgment thereafter (thus a thousand fatuous movies have taught Americans to believe in the happy ending). The fictionist has a moral obligation all right, but of a queer, elusive kind.

The Catholic writer and reviewer are uneasily aware of this obligation, but not quite at the level of thought. They are sophisticated enough to know that a novel should not be a moral tract—and quick to point it out when D. H. Lawrence or some Soviet author errs in this direction. But the repressed awareness breaks through. Our reviewers convert their moral uneasiness into quasi-aesthetic judgments: "the adulterous relationship didn't convince me," "I didn't mind about the sex, only about its inappropriateness to the theme," "*Lolita* is basically dull, dull, dull" (I believe I cribbed this one from Orville Prescott).

Any one of these judgments may be correct. But when you find the same note coming at you in review after review, you have to suspect that what we are really getting is moral indignation in a new guise. A facile reviewer can make any emotional response from shock and terror to simple nervousness sound like artistic judgment; he can murmur his favorite phrase about literary merit (or good theater, or true cinema); but he is blurring things for the artist every time he does.

Because for the artist the only answer to Pascal is that he tells people a certain amount of otherwise unavailable truth: and truth is not something he discovers entirely by himself. If his community (and of course the Catholic lives in two communities, a problem too staggering to go into here) has established certain conventional lies and evasions, the writer will always be affected by them. The artificial sentiment that runs through so much Victorian writing, from Thackeray to Twain, was the responsibility of no one writer; likewise, the beady eye of the Restoration comedy was passed from socket to socket. Our own irresolution about the nature of fiction has led to an evasion that almost every American Catholic writer must either share unconsciously or all-too-consciously renounce; an evasion that talks about art, but feels deeply only about morals, that talks about truth, but backs into something rather like Plato's expedient untruths. . . .

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JOHN UPDIKE

WIND

If God has any voice it is the wind.

Women hate
this seeking of a vacuum,
it gets their edges up,
they cannot sleep, they think
of Boreas impregnating primeval Night,
of skirts rudely lifted in funhouses.

It is death made loud:
nowhereness bellowing,
now reedy along the copper eaves,
now ballooned to a manifold softness by a tree,
now scraping like flint on the surface of water,
making arrowhead wrinkles,
seeking somewhere to stop and be.

Wind carves. It makes mesas
and heaps up waves as a rich man plays
with remote corporations that swallow and shift
poor fish by the thousand.
I lie here listening.

God is crying, *for-*
giiiive, demanding, *fore-*
go-ooo, proclaiming, *Oh*
wheerre? and begging,
let go-oo-oh.

In its mouth my body tastes like stale milk.

Jan. 21, 1972

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A PRESIDENT IS BURIED

JAMES O'GARA

The primary emotion was one of disbelief

Dec. 6, 1963

THE day after President Kennedy was killed was a dreary one in Washington; gray skies and intermittent rain matched the national mood. By the time I arrived in the capital on Sunday morning, though, the weather had cleared, and the day was sunny and crisp, just a little too chilly for an ideal fall day and much too cheerful for the occasion.

Over the weekend the nation's leaders, past and present, arrived in Washington one after another. Somehow their presence was testimony not only to our loss but also to the fact that this tragedy could be fitted into the nation's history, that we would survive the blow, cruel as it was. At the same time life went on, and beneath the solemn ceremonies tension persisted, in Vietnam and Cambodia, in the Congo and in Berlin. In the hours immediately after President Kennedy's assassination, the top U.S. officials must have had to consider the possibility that the blow at the President was just the beginning of a pattern of all-out planned attack. Although this turned out to be untrue, it is in this context of grim reality that the hasty oath-taking and the new President's quick flight from Dallas back to Washington must be seen.

On Sunday the President's body was scheduled to leave the White House for the Capitol at 1 P.M. Shortly before that time the news tickers and television sets in the National Press Club began to carry the news that the accused assassin had himself fallen victim to a killer—an unbelievable twist of fate in an already incredible chain of tragedy, and one which made it seem for a while as if the spirit of violence President Kennedy so abhorred was about to overwhelm us.

In some ways, at least, Washington is a blasé town. It sees Presidents come and go, and it is used to foreign dignitaries, to parades and great events. But even for this politically sophisticated capital the assassination of the President of the United States was too much to take in stride. In Washington, as in New York, the primary emotion was one of disbelief, and in both cities one heard people say, time and time again, "I just can't believe it."

The feeling of shocked disbelief, I think, as well as their normal desire to pay their last respects, led many people to the route along which the cortege passed on Sunday, and later led thousands upon thousands to file past the President's coffin in the Capitol Rotunda. The murder of the young President was just too hard to grasp overnight, and only the sight of the flag-draped coffin could help make it real. Indeed, for many only the solemnity of the requiem Mass on Monday ultimately put an end to the nightmarish air of unreality about the President's death.

Sunday's procession from the White House to the Capitol was impressive in its own spartan fashion, with its muffled, black-draped drums and its black, riderless horse behind the caisson. Indeed, that day's ceremonial march was almost too simple, too spartan, passing any given spot along the line of march in a few minutes and leaving some slight feeling of "Is that all?" Watching the next day's funeral procession, however, from the Capitol to the White House and then to St. Matthew's Cathedral, was like watching history come alive. There behind the coffin and the young widow walked the men whose names and faces have become familiar to all of us, men who with the President have helped to shape our times, from De Gaulle to De Valera, from Prince Philip to Emperor Haile Selassie, from Erhard to Mikoyan. We are not likely to see the equal of that gathering soon again.

With the President buried, the political stock-taking will begin. Where will John Fitzgerald Kennedy rate in the roster of American Presidents? Did he live long enough to do more than impress a particular style on the conduct of the Presidency? What will the effect of his death be on the next election? Will it mean, as some commentators are already saying, that the GOP will not now want to risk its improved chances on an "extremist" candidate like Senator Goldwater?

All these are legitimate enough questions, and they must be asked. For me, though, this week is too early to discuss them. All I know now is that a young and vital President whom I respected and admired has been cut down in the prime of his powers. I went to Washington for his funeral, like thousands of other Americans, out of the simple desire to be close as I could, to pay my respects in the only way I knew how, to pray for a man who had served his country so faithfully. For now, at least, that is enough.

During Mr. Kennedy's campaign for the Presidency, the editors of this magazine argued as well as we knew how for his right to serve. Week after week we tried to counter those voices which were raised against him

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as a Catholic, to answer those who said that to be at once a Catholic and a loyal American was impossible. It may be that this debate was inevitable, even necessary, and in this case at least the argument was resolved by the American people in John Kennedy's favor, albeit by a small margin. But if Mr. Kennedy did not in fact succeed during his lifetime in laying "the Catholic issue" to rest as a real issue once and for all, it may well be that he has done so in death. I know that as I watched his body pass, no question seemed more utterly irrelevant, and I doubt that I am alone in this. May he rest in peace.

IS THE WORLD A PROBLEM?

THOMAS MERTON

The created world: an epiphany of divine wisdom and love

June 3, 1966

I want to make clear that I speak not as the author of the *Seven Storey Mountain*, which seemingly a lot of people have read, but as the author of more recent essays and poems which apparently very few people have read. This is not the official voice of Trappist silence, the monk with his hood up and his back to the camera, brooding over the waters of an artificial lake. This is not the petulant and uncanonizable modern Jerome who never got over the fact that he could give up beer. (I drink beer whenever I can lay hands on any. I love beer, and, by that very fact, the world.) This is simply the voice of a self-questioning human person who, like all his brothers, struggles to cope with turbulent, mysterious, demanding, exciting, frustrating, confused existence in which almost nothing is really predictable, in which most definitions, explanations and justifications become incredible even before they are uttered, in which people suffer together and are sometimes utterly beautiful, at other times impossibly pathetic. In which there is much that is frightening, in which almost everything public is patently phoney, and in which there is at the same time an immense ground of personal authenticity that is *right there* and so obvious that no one can talk about it and most cannot even believe that it is there.

I am, in other words, a man in the modern world. In fact, I *am* the world just as you are! Where am I going to look for the world first of all if not in myself?

As long as I assume that the world is something I discover by turning on the radio or looking out the window I am deceived from the start. As long as I imagine that the world is something to be "escaped" in a monastery—that wearing a special costume and following a quaint observance takes me "out of this world," I am dedicating my life to an illusion. Of course, I hasten to qualify this. I said a moment ago that in a certain historic context of thought and of life, this kind of thought and action once made perfect sense. But the moment you change the context, then the whole thing has to be completely transposed. Otherwise you are left like the orchestra in the Marx Brothers' "Night at the Opera" where Harpo had inserted "Take Me out to the Ball Game" in the middle of the operatic score.

The confusion lies in this; on one hand there is a primitive Christian conception of *the world as an object of choice*. On the other there is the obvious fact that the world is also something about which there is and can be no choice. And, historically, these notions have sometimes got mixed up, so that what is simply "given" appears to have been chosen, and what is there to be chosen, decided for or against, is simply evaded as if no decision were licit or even possible.

That I should have been born in 1915, that I should be the contemporary of Auschwitz, Hiroshima, Vietnam and the Watts riots, are things about which I was not first consulted. Yet they are also events in which, whether I like it or not, I am deeply and personally involved. The "world" is not just a physical space traversed by jet planes and full of people running in all directions. It is a complex of responsibilities and options made out of the loves, the hates, the fears, the joys, the hopes, the greed, the cruelty, the kindness, the faith, the trust, the suspicion of all. In the last analysis, if there is a stupid war in Vietnam because nobody trusts anybody, this is in part because I myself am defensive, suspicious, untrusting, and intent on making other people conform themselves to my particular brand of death-wish.

Put in these terms, the world both is and is not a problem. The world is a "problem" in so far as everybody in it is a problem to himself. The world is a problem in so far as *we* all add up to a big collective question. Starting then from this concept of a world which is essentially problematic because it is full of problematic and self-doubting freedoms, there have been various suggestions made as to what to do about it.

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At present the Church is outgrowing what one might call the Carolingian suggestion. This is a worldview which was rooted in the official acceptance of the Church into the world of imperial Rome, the world of Constantine and of Augustine, of Charlemagne in the west and of Byzantium in the east. In crude, simple strokes, this worldview can be sketched as follows: We are living in the last age of salvation history. A world radically evil and doomed to hell has been ransomed from the devil by the Cross of Christ and is now simply marking time until the message of salvation can be preached to everyone. Then will come the judgment. Meanwhile, men being evil and prone to sin at every moment, must be prevented by authority from following their base instincts and getting lost.

They cannot be left to their own freedom or even to God's loving grace. They have to have their freedom taken away from them because it is their greatest peril. They have to be told at every step what to do, and it is better if what they are told to do is displeasing to their corrupt natures, for this will keep them out of further subtle forms of mischief. Meanwhile the Empire has become, provisionally at least, holy. As figure of the eschatological kingdom, worldly power consecrated to Christ becomes Christ's reign on earth. In spite of its human limitations the authority of the Christian prince is a guarantee against complete chaos and disorder and must be submitted to—to resist established authority is equivalent to resisting Christ. War on behalf of the Christian prince and his power becomes a holy war for Christ against the devil. War becomes a sacred duty.

The dark strokes in the picture have their historical explanation in the crisis of the Barbarian invasions. But there are also brighter strokes, and we find in the thought of Aquinas, Scotus, Bonaventure, Dante, a basically world-affirming and optimistic view of man, of his world and his work, in the perspective of the Christian redemption. The created world itself is an epiphany of divine wisdom and love, and, redeemed in and by Christ, will return to God with all its beauty restored by the transforming power of grace, which reaches down to material creation through man and his work. However, this view too is static rather than dynamic, hierarchic, layer upon layer, rather than on-going and self-creating, the fulfillment of a predetermined intellectual plan rather than the creative project of a free and self-building love.

One of the essential tasks of *aggiornamento* is that of renewing the whole perspective of theology in such a way that our ideas of God, man and the world are no longer dominated by the Carolingian-medieval imagery of the sacred and hierarchical cosmos, in which everything is decided beforehand and in which the only choice is to accept gladly what is imposed as part of an immobile and established social structure.

In "turning to the world" the contemporary Church is, first of all, admitting that *the world can once again become an object of choice*. Not only can it be chosen, but in fact it must be chosen. How? If I had no choice about the age in which I was to live, I nevertheless have a choice about the attitude I take and about the way and the extent of my participation in its living on-going events. To *choose* the world is not then merely a pious

AFTER THE COUNCIL

Feb. 12, 1965

THE MOVEMENTS which have been released by the Council in the Catholic Church have reached such a depth and breadth that they will follow their own inherent legitimacy. Every impulse releases other impulses. Every movement in a sector of the Church's life means indirectly a movement in some other sector. Each act of reform has its own consequences. Through the Council, the Catholic Church has entered into a hopeful transitional phase full of new life and unforeseen movements, so that the problem of order and obedience has been made remarkable in a new way for both laity and clergy: What should be thought of the pastor or assistant or layman who is more obedient to the impulses of the Council than, perhaps, his own bishop? Obedience—vis à vis the will of God!—is to be expected of everyone in the Church. And the greater the responsibiilty the greater the obligation to obedience.

At a time when so much has happily been set in motion in the Church, it is precisely the cleric who puts himself resolutely and courageously in the forefront, and who is not especially content to function as the brake, who provides best for order in freedom in his own province. That is the great hope of the Council: The Council does not stand alone, it has the entire Church behind it and it will be borne by the entire Church. This Church, which is itself greater and stronger than the Council, wants to go further and will go further. Even if the movements which have been set free in the Catholic Church by John XXIII and the Council should be artificially braked, they would not permit themselves to be stopped. This would lead, however, to the most highly dangerous tensions, concerning which one can only give warning at this point, and to an extremely serious crisis of confidence in regard to the ecclesiastical office, which will not result in a new schism (no one today would find that worth the trouble), but rather in a further quiet exodus from the Church on the part of so many for whom the Council has rekindled a new hope for a renewed Church and a unified Christendom. And who should like to take upon himself the responsibility for that? . . .

HANS KUNG

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admission that the world is acceptable because it comes from the hand of God. It is first of all an acceptance of a task and a vocation in the world, in history and in time. To choose the world is to choose to do the work I am capable of doing, in collaboration with my brother, to make the world better, more free, more just, more livable, more human. And it has now become transparently obvious that mere automatic "rejection of the world" and "contempt for the world" is in fact not a choice but the evasion of choice. . . .

ON SELECTING AMERICAN BISHOPS

JOHN TRACY ELLIS

The need for adaptation to a new situation

March 10, 1967

The entire process of selection of bishops is shrouded in so much secrecy that it is not possible for either the clergy or the laity—and, one suspects, at times even for many of the hierarchy—to determine exactly what the deciding factors were in any given case. It may, indeed, depend on whether the apostolic delegate of the moment is of a conservative or a progressive turn of mind, for it would be quite unreal to anticipate that an ultra-conservative or highly progressive delegate would so far suppress his personal convictions and feelings in this regard as to put forth the names of priests of a notably different mentality to his own. It is scarcely a violation of the proprieties to say that the present occupant of the Apostolic Delegation in Washington, appointed in December, 1958, is of a conservative mind since he has been at no pains to conceal where his sympathies lie. Nor can it be called an altogether unwarranted inference that that fact has been reflected in the considerable number of conservative churchmen advanced to the American episcopacy since 1959.

Another important factor that has on occasion influenced the choice of bishops in the United States has been the attitude of highly placed ecclesiastics toward those of different national backgrounds than their own. The point might be illustrated in the remark of the Irish-born Cardinal John Glennon, late Archbishop of Saint Louis, who in a connection unrelated to the choice of bishops, told Cardinal Gibbons concerning the German-American Catholics, "As a people they serve well, if they are not allowed to dominate" (January 27, 1904). No serious student of the American Catholic past will deny the decisive role that nationality has played in these matters, as was true of French-born churchmen for about a half century after the age of Carroll, as it was obvious for well nigh a century in the choice of one of German birth or blood to fill the See of Milwaukee. Similarly, from before the Civil War until after World War II the selection of a man not of Irish birth or extraction to rule over several of the most important dioceses in this country would have been unthinkable.

Indeed, there are those who believe that in certain posts of national significance in the American Church the choice of one not of Irish name or tradition is still unthinkable. In that regard there is ample documentary evidence in a vein similar to the letter from one Irish pastor of the Diocese of Pittsburgh to another at a time when the see was vacant (November 5, 1853), and the clergy's mind was still focused on the new Bishop of Philadelphia, John N. Neumann, C.SS.R. The writer remarked, "The Germans are putting their heads together, and are already busily at work to procure a German Bishop for Pittsburgh. So we are to be Germanized and Dutchified from one end of the State to the other." He felt duty bound, therefore, to alert his friend, well known for his view that priests should have a voice in the selection of bishops and the most influential of their group, in the hope that the latter might set on foot some plan "to prevent so great an infliction."

Moreover, a clergyman's educational background has not been a matter of indifference in his selection for the episcopacy. It is well known that a large proportion of the American hierarchy has been drawn from the alumni of the North American College in Rome; in fact, from its opening in December, 1859, to May, 1956, there were 105 bishops of the United States—six of them cardinals—who had been trained in whole or in part at that institution. When, therefore, the new Rector of the Gregorian University, the Canadian sociologist, Herve Carrier, S.J., was interviewed shortly after taking office and was asked, "Do you train the future bishops?", his reply had special relevance for the American Church whose Roman students have taken their classes at the Gregorian since 1932. Father Carrier was quoted as having answered, "We do not train them as bishops but it happens that way, either because of their intrinsic value or because the Holy See has selected its bishops among the alumni of Roman institutions."

The answer is correct as far as it goes, for no inform-

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ed person will discount the importance of the *Romanitá*, but the quoted reply said nothing of the influence exercised by Roman alumni with important connections to have one of their own number advanced to the episcopal office. Those acquainted with these matters are aware that if a powerful churchman is disposed to play the role of "king maker," he can usually do so. American Catholic history offers a number of illustrations of this kind—to name only two, Archbishop Spaulding of Baltimore and Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago. Nor is it necessary to step out of the present generation to find examples of churchmen with strong Roman influence who have been responsible for creating an axis, so to speak, in the Church of the United States and for naming a dozen or more bishops. . . .

In brief, the selection of bishops like many other aspects of the Church's life would seem to call for adaptation to a new situation. In April, 1949, Cardinal

PLEA TO THE BISHOPS

Nov. 28, 1969

THE Catholic Church in America, as elsewhere, is in trouble. This is something that is known to the most casual observer. Lay people are increasingly disaffected, and clergy and religious seem even more so; one perhaps high estimate has it that last year alone 3,000 priests in this country gave up the active ministry and 9,000 nuns left their convents. The dimensions of the problem facing the Church in America are large.

When one says, "facing the Church in America," it means, in fact although not in theory, facing the bishops, and that is part of the problem. It is, of course, only part; blaming everything on the bishops is all too easy, but it is overly simple. What started a crisis of reform has for many escalated into a crisis of belief, involving the truth or falsity of the most central questions of Christianity. For those caught up in such a spiritual crisis, the role of the bishops is only one factor in the picture, and not normally the most important one. For many others, however, the actions of bishops greatly affect the Church's credibility; this may be particularly true of the very many priests and religious who are tired of being treated like children.

It is for this reason that the address to the just concluded bishops' meeting by the Rev. Patrick O'Malley is of potentially great importance. The first priest ever to address the hierarchy of the United States on priestly problems, Father O'Malley spoke as president of the National Federation of Priests' Councils. . . . Between these priests and their bishops a "trust gap" exists, Father O'Malley told the assembled hierarchy, and what is needed is a "radical change in the decision-making nature of the church." The alternative, he said, would be "revolution instead of evolution," and to prevent this the bishops should do three things: 1) admit that they cannot run everything by themselves and "begin to ask us for help"; 2) include priests elected by their fellows as full voting members in the next bishops' meeting; and 3) build on this step as the first move toward the formation of a national policy-making body that would include representatives of the total church. Such a group would be charged with responsibility for many of the decisions now made exclusively by bishops, from fiscal policies to the right stance on social issues and the proper method of selecting bishops, leaving to the hierarchy matters of Church doctrine. The National Conference of Bishops would continue to function, with one important difference: "It will only make decisions affecting the whole church when that church, in some representative way, is included in the discussion and decision-making." The proposal that is being made, in short, is very much in keeping with the idea of a national pastoral council as envisioned by the Second Vatican Council; such a body already exists in Holland and one is being planned for Canada, but the American bishops have so far shown a distinct lack of interest in the idea.

We earnestly urge the bishops to adopt Father O'Malley's proposals, and quickly—indeed, the tragic thing is that for many even an immediate acceptance of the idea will come too late. No one knows the number of priests who have already left their ministry because they were never consulted about anything more important than the color of the rectory rug (if that!), and many laymen have grown tired of playing ecclesiastical games in which they are asked to serve on parish councils under the control of pastors who have no intention of sharing their authority and responsibility.

In asking shared authority, Father O'Malley surely represented many; for them, part of the crisis facing the Church is a crisis of confidence in religious leadership from top to bottom. Here the bishops can help mightily. It is late in the game—the Council ended, after all, in 1965—but it is still possible for the American hierarchy to set a good example to others in authority by themselves demonstrating a real determination to implement the spirit of the Council. Some observers have commented that giving time to Father O'Malley was in itself something of a departure for the bishops; let us hope that this is a good sign for the future of his proposals for shared authority. The bishops should know that Father O'Malley spoke for more than the clergy in this country when he affirmed love for the Church but went on to say: "We will do anything for the Church, except sit quietly and do nothing." —AN EDITORIAL

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Suhard treated the theme of adaptation in his notable pastoral *Priests Among Men*, when he said that for the priest to be suited to the twentieth century it was not a matter of "slavishly copying methods suited to former times nor of inventing new forms for the sake of novelty," but rather it was a question of translating "the message of Christianity into present-day terms." In the achievement of that end as it pertains to the best method of selecting American bishops, those responsible for it might well employ the figure of the late Cardinal of Paris that one should spread out on his desk two maps, the old and the new, and compare, point by point, these two "guiding plans."

In so doing he will find that "the old plan of the Church in the Christian community has its islands of influence, its strongholds, and its areas of habitual Christian practice." But he will likewise see that the other plan, that of "the new city, has its quick bridgeheads, its centers of spontaneous interest and its unexpected religious movements." Thus those whose task it is to perfect a procedure for the selection of the future bishops of the American Church should "know no rest until such time as the two plans run together, until they coincide to form but one 'city' in truth and love."

WHAT MAKES A COLLEGE CATHOLIC?

ROBERT HASSENGER

It is absolutely necessary to insist on autonomy

April 19, 1968

The real issue Catholic institutions of higher learning face is their distinctiveness: what about them will be effectively Catholic, or even Christian? Few people any longer pretend to know the exact nature of a "Catholic university." The new statutes of the reorganized Notre Dame specify that the intellectual life of the University "should at all times be enlivened and sustained by a devotion to the twin disciplines of theology and philosophy," which are "viewed as being central to the University's existence and function." Similar language is issued by Notre Dame's President, in his Introduction to the Notre Dame Faculty Manual, effective September, 1967. In the section on academic freedom, the faculty member is reminded of his responsibility not to "maintain a position contrary to the basic aims of this Institution as outlined in the Introduction." In a later section defining criteria for dismissal from the University, one listed is "continual serious disrespect or disregard for the Catholic character of this institution." But what is "Catholic character?" Assuming that can be answered how does one square Catholic with university? Writing in *Commonweal* last spring, John Cogley suggested that one can not do so, and Jacqueline Grennan has asserted that "the very nature of *higher* education is opposed to juridical control by the Church." Few today would disagree that, if Catholic institutions of higher learning are to be considered real universities, scholars there must have all the freedom available to their counterparts in other institutions. It should also be clear that Catholic colleges and universities do not represent the teaching authority of the Church and this makes many Catholic educators resist financial support from the bishops, lest their independence from the teaching Church be compromised. It is absolutely necessary to insist on the university's autonomy; it must not be subject to pressure from outside interest groups. For a Catholic university, one such group is the institutional Church. But even if something is believed to be, in fact *known* to be, contrary to present Catholic teaching, any investigation must be by one's academic peers, with all the procedures of due process observed. If this is not assured, and if the local bishop, or papal nuncio, or any other Church official, can interfere with what occurs within a university, then it will make precious little difference whether deeds to Catholic schools are in the hands of lay trustees or religious, and it will be difficult to disagree with Jacqueline Grennan: higher education *will*, in practice, be opposed to Church control.

I for one do not think it has to be. Catholic colleges and universities can exist to provide opportunities for faculty and students, who share certain commitments and wish to explore certain questions, to come together for mutual influence and learning. The Catholic colleges and universities will provide environments which attract, among others, those who want to discover what it means to be a Catholic Christian, and who seek to do so in a free, yet informed way. They will want to begin or extend and deepen their own religious commitments. But these environments will not demand that such commitments be made by all, nor that such questions be asked by all. These are matters of individual choice and conviction.

Educators in Catholic colleges will recognize that the principal means of individual growth is the influence of

ROBERT HASSENGER *is the author of* The Shape of Catholic Higher Education *(U. of Chicago Press).*

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people on each other; while seeking to develop high-quality graduate and professional programs, Catholic institutions will insist on providing sufficiently for maximal personal development by students. This means that students must have the freedom to make mistakes and the opportunities to learn from them.

By fostering academic excellence, Catholic colleges and universities will attract talented and creative people; by fostering an atmosphere where ultimate questions are asked and a diversity of views presented, the colleges and universities will attract those with a high level of personal commitment and promote the dialogue between the Church and the contemporary world; by providing opportunities to deepen and extend one's Catholic Christianity, the institutions will attract both those who seek excellent training as theologians and those who seek to influence society in other capacities, but who want the best possible education in their religious heritage. Thus, the college and university will be not only focal points for the Church's thinking, but also places where the commitment and competence to serve the world are promoted.

SCHOOL AND PARISH

Jan. 29, 1971

IN the growing volume of literature and rhetoric on the "Catholic school crisis" there is surprisingly little attention given to the interdependence between the Catholic parish and the parochial school. This is in spite of the fact that, with 57 percent of the parishes in the United States operating parish schools, the typical American parish is very definitely in the school business. Current figures show that some 60 percent of the operational cost of the school is borne by the parish directly. The school support usually consumes from 40 to 65 percent of the parish's total income. With this financial arrangement, the extent to which the school is dependent upon the parish is quite clear. Yet, is there possibly another dimension to this interdependence between parish and school? To what extent is the parish dependent upon the school? Does the school in some ways sustain and legitimize the parish? Does the school provide many parishes, not in theory, but in fact, with a raison d'être? Could it be that what is labeled as a crisis in Catholic schools is actually, at its roots, a crisis in Catholic parishes? This line of questioning is seldom explored. . . .

Operating a school is something the typical parish does and feels it does well. According to recent attitudinal surveys, many parishes which operate schools find them a singular source of satisfaction, giving the parish leaders a real sense of accomplishment. Catholic school reorganizers and planners have been met with the protest: "If you close the school (or even consolidate at another location), you might as well close the parish too." . . .

Moving from what parishes usually do to what they should be doing, presumably a hypothetical design for the form and functioning of the ideal local church or parish could be drawn from theological sources. It probably would be described in terms such as these: The local church or parish is a believing community, principally adult in character and focus, a community of learning (word), service (witness), and celebration (worship). Its "success" is measured in terms of (a) its contribution to Christian learning, for adults as well as children, (b) the providing of genuine service to the human community, service which goes beyond self-interest and self-perpetuation, and (c) an authentic, prayerful celebration or worship, which at once expresses and renews the community's commitment to faith and service. . . .

All of this is not to suggest that nowhere are there parishes that would fare well in terms of the ideal parish suggested above. It would seem logical to suggest that in these parishes, Catholic school problems do not take on dramatic overtones. One would assume that because these parishes will continue not only to be viable but even quite "successful," with or without their own parish school, they are not distraught at any prospect of change. Thus they would experience a greater freedom to explore alternatives, to try innovative approaches, or to join with other parishes in consolidated programs. At the same time, one need not suggest that Catholics in such parishes place any less importance on the value of the Catholic school experience. They would simply have greater resources to cope with the situation, if and when the Catholic school would not be readily available. By identifying these parishes and contrasting them with the model group, one could explore the following hypothesis, *that parishes which function more in agreement with the theological ideal or model evidence less tension and greater flexibility when faced with educational problems.*

Conversely, it would seem that parishes which are in trouble when contrasted to the theological ideal tend to be very much school-centered and thus dependent on the school. Because the school in these parishes is the vital bond that ties parents, sisters, and children to the parish, any suggestion of closing, reorganizing, or relocating the school would likely stir up outbursts of a very rigid parochialism. Ironically, it might well be that this rigid parochialism will prove the undoing of many a parochial school.

GEORGE ELFORD

GEORGE ELFORD, *formerly Superintendent of Schools for the Diocese of Indianapolis, is with the Research Department of the National Catholic Educational Association in Washington.*

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AN ALTERNATIVE PROPOSAL

DANIEL CALLAHAN

What the Pope might have said in 'Humanae Vitae'—but didn't

Aug. 23, 1968

A few months ago I played with the idea of writing an imaginary papal encyclical. Its aim was to have shown how the Pope might affirm the "traditional" teaching on contraception in all its force while, at the same time, doing so in such a way as to impress and astound everyone. In my imaginary encyclical, the Pope would have done three things:

(1) He would have reaffirmed the birth control teachings of *Casti Connubii,* but he would also have made some announcements of ways in which he intended to show his seriousness. He would have stated that all of the Vatican art treasures were to be sold in order to establish a large fund to aid the feeding of the poor. He would have ordered all pastors throughout the world to cease building churches and schools and, instead, to devote their financial resources to helping needy families. Toward the same end, he would have ordered the Bishops, including those in the Vatican, to rid themselves of all Church investments, stocks, bonds and income-producing property. He himself would have announced that he was moving out of the Vatican and intended to spend the rest of his papal days living in a Calcutta slum.

(2) He would have flatly condemned the Vietnamese war, urging all Catholics to refuse military service and support of the war. In the same breath he would have said that all nuclear stockpiles should immediately be destroyed and that no Catholic ought support a government which relied in any way upon nuclear weapons for defense. The Pope would have said these steps were necessary for the "protection of human life."

(3) Finally, the Pope would have praised student rebels in the universities of the world, commended Rap Brown, Stokely Carmichael and the concept of "black power," ordered Cardinal McIntyre to resign for having hindered racial justice in Los Angeles, exalted the Berrigan brothers for their prophetic witness, and, in his footnotes, cited Herbert Marcuse, Fritz Fanon, Fidel Castro, Che Guevara, Gandhi and Martin Luther King.

My theory, in this fanciful encyclical, was that if the Pope was to successfully condemn contraception he would have to do so in the most prophetic manner possible, risking so much of the Church's financial security, community standing and bourgeois support that no one could fail to take him seriously. Even the most ardent lover of contraception would have been stunned and might have been shaken enough to reconsider his position.

The Pope seems to have written a somewhat different encyclical. I won't bother mentioning all the defective arguments in it; others have already done that, and very effectively. What I find striking is that the encyclical, by its omissions, perpetuates one of the great immoralities of the magisterium's stance on contraception. It does not show any practical willingness to make the Church's wealth fully available to those who suffer as a consequence of its teachings; it offers them only a vague spiritual consolation, nice words. The Catholic parish has never felt a communal obligation to give full support to large families; and rarely has it done so. The papacy has used none of its money to support the scientific research in rhythm the Pope calls for; nothing in the encyclical suggests it intends to do so now. The bishops of the world have never given any financial priority whatsoever to problems of overpopulation and the economic requirements of underdeveloped countries, Compared with its interest in the preservation of Church property, the maintenance of authority, the building of schools and churches, the magisterium's interest in poverty, family life and human dignity has been almost entirely verbal. In America, the bishops have a large and effective propaganda machine designed to protect the Church's tax-free status and to work for federal and state school funds; on race, poverty and war, they are generally content to issue statements.

In short, the magisterium—popes and bishops—has let the practical burdens fostered by their moral teachings fall exclusively on others, urging them to make radical sacrifices of a kind it is clearly not prepared to make itself. Hypocrisy is one word appropriate here; immorality is even better. Neither the Pope nor those bishops who have supported the encyclicals have given the slightest indications that they intend to give up anything of their own security commensurate with what a poor family, trying to make do on rhythm or abstinence, would have to give up to follow their teaching. The magisterium strikes the rhetorical pose of the prophet and the bodily pose of the self-righteous rich man who feels no compulsion to put his own house in order.

DANIEL CALLAHAN, *executive editor when this article was written, is now Director of the Institute on Society, Ethics and Life Sciences.*

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The question now is: what is to be done? It is not, I think, adequate to simply say that everyone should follow his own conscience and thus reject the encyclical if his conscience so directs. If one takes seriously all the good reasons in favor of a use of contraceptives—if one, say, follows the thinking of the majority of the papal commission—then it is not merely a neutral matter. On the contrary, there is an obligation on the part of those Catholics who perceive the morality of contraception to positively foster and propagate their convictions. This means doing everything in their power to educate people in the valid use of contraceptives. It means making money available to the poor for the purchase of contraceptives. It means convincing governments that they should listen to the voice of the Catholic people and not to the voice of the Pope on the issue. It means doing everything possible to negate and repudiate the encyclical, putting in its place a very different teaching.

People should of course be free to follow their conscience. But there is much sense in the traditional corollary that they should have an informed conscience; a lot of mischief is done in the name of conscience. In this instance those opposed to the encyclical would seem to have the positive duty of trying to inform the consciences

RELIGION AND SEX

Nov. 12, 1924

WE do not in the least believe in the greater happiness promised to mankind by the dissolution of life-long loyalties; we do not feel the slightest respect for the crude and sentimental rhetoric in which it is recommended to us. But the practical result of our convictions and our confidence is this; that when people say to us—"Your system is quite unsuited to the modern world," we answer—"If that is so things look rather rotten for the poor old modern world." When they say—"Your ideal of marriage may be an ideal, but it cannot be a reality," we say—"It is an ideal in a diseased society, it is a reality in a healthy society. For where it is real it makes society healthy." We do not say perfectly healthy, for we believe in other things besides marriage; as, for instance, in the Fall of Man. But the point is that we want what is practical in the sense that we want to make something, to create Christian families. But they only want what is practicable, in the sense of what is easiest at the moment.

So much for the general theory of marriage that passion is purified by its own fruitfulness, when that fruitfulness is its dignified and decent end. It might be put shortly by saying that we would substitute, for the half-truth of love for love's sake, the larger truth of love for life's sake. Love is subject to law because it is subject to life. It is true, not merely in a metaphorical, not even merely in a mystical, but also in a material sense, that it is come that we may have life and that we may have it more abundantly. Of course this does not mean that the love has not its own spiritual value, where honorable accident prevents it from being fruitful. But it does mean that, in general sense, we may judge the loves of men by another metaphor which is also a material fact—and by their fruits we shall know them.

So much of the principle is, or was until very lately, common to all who call themselves Christians. There is a pendant to the principle professed by all who call themselves Catholics. It is a more mystical idea; and only Catholics, perhaps, have troubled rationally and philosophically to define it. It is by no means true, however, that only Catholics have felt it. The old pagans groped after it in their visions of Athene and Artemis and the Vestal Virgins. The modern agnostics grope after it in their worship of the innocence of childhood—in Peter Pan or the Child's Garden of Verses. It is the idea that there is for some a direct happiness even more divine than the divine sacrament of marriage. This is a subject at once too special and too great to be expounded here; but two rather singular facts may be noted about it in conclusion. First, that the modern industrial states are invoking a nightmare of over-population, after having themselves actually destroyed the monastic brotherhoods that were a voluntary and virile limitation of it. In other words, they are rather reluctantly relapsing into birth control after actually suppressing the proof that men are capable of self control. Secondly, if such abstention were really required, this religious tradition could give it a poetic and positive enthusiasm, where all others would make it merely a negative mutilation. Catholics believe in reason, and like to have practical things proved; and at present the need is not proved; but only talked about as if it were, like Darwin and Einstein. But even if it were, they would have a better answer than anybody else; the trumpet of St. Francis and St. Dominic. And good Protestants will at least agree that the answer would be better than the alternative of a sort of secret and silent anarchy, in which the motives are narrowed and the result is void. And by this road we return to the original and normal theme of the ideal of marriage; and to the main truth about it. A thing so human certainly will not finally disappear amid the accidents of an abnormal society. The society will never be able to judge marriage. Marriage will judge that society; and may possibly condemn it.

G. K. CHESTERTON

G. K. CHESTERTON, *the British author, was a regular contributor, beginning with the first issue.*

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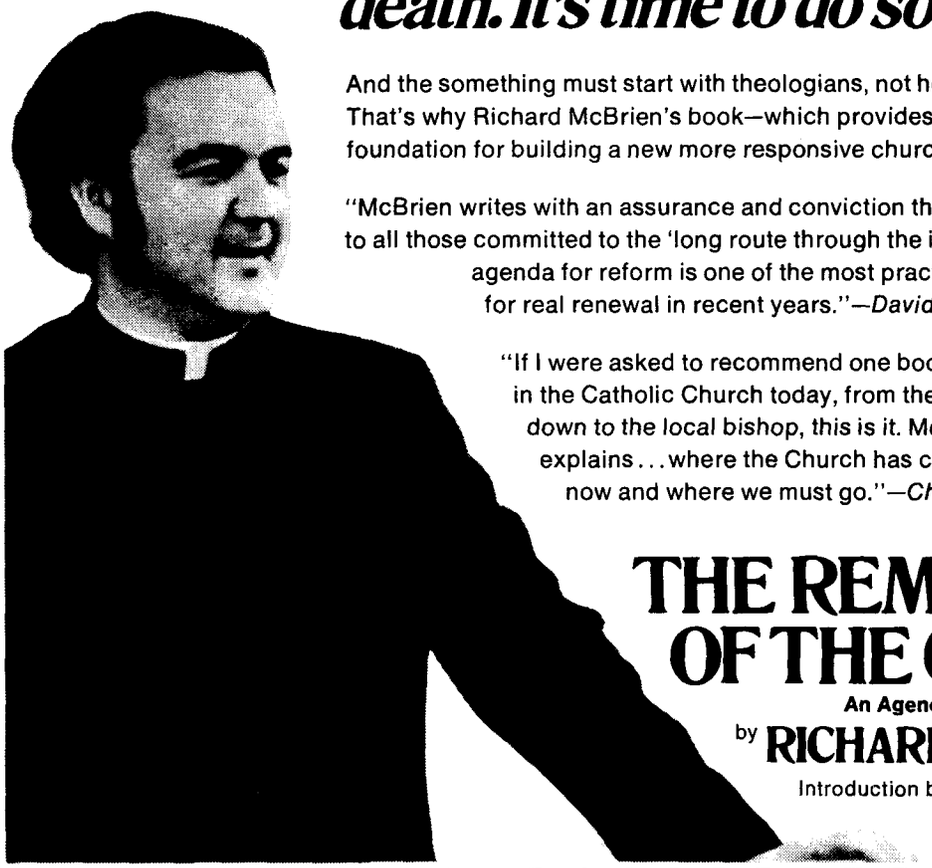

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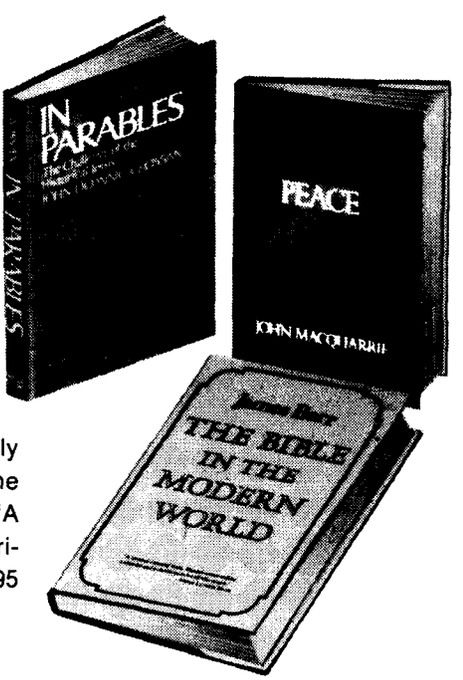

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of those who might feel an obligation to follow it: to inform them that they should know all the good theological arguments in favor of contraception; to inform them that they cannot cast off the obligation of making up their own minds on the shoulders of popes and bishops; to inform them that it is possible that good morality might require that they use contraceptives.

Though much has changed in recent years, the attitude of many Catholics toward the papacy is still one of unthinking subservience and obedience. When they are told these days to "follow their conscience" this will be tantamount to telling them to obey the Pope; for that, and only that, is what following their conscience means to them. Very strenuous efforts will be needed to crack this mold. The people must be given a real choice and this means, in great part, so breaking the hold of the papacy on them that they can rationally and judiciously weigh the alternatives before them. One would not in the face of a people's temptation to resort to genocide, racism, the killing of the old and the weak, just tell them to do as they saw fit. One would argue against them, try to point out the dangers of their temptation. The same should be done with those tempted to unthinkingly follow the Pope's encyclical.

What will this do to the authority of the papacy? Assuming the problematic, that the papacy still has authority, it will force the papacy (and the bishops) to argue back, to refine its own reasons, to take account of its critics. It will force the magisterium to expose itself. As already noted, there remain many millions of Catholics who do take the Pope's words as binding. The Pope has in his encyclical seriously misled them; he has taught them a bad morality. The only way they are likely to see this for themselves is to see the papacy pushed to the wall, forced to argue its position more fully, and thus forced to show the weakness of its moral teaching.

Those Catholics now tempted to leave the Church should remember how many others will stay and feel bound by the encyclical, how many will unnecessarily suffer, how many families and children will feel the consequences. To leave these people, to walk out on them, would not be right. As Christians and as Catholics they will need help and education. Only their fellow Catholics are likely to be in a good position to speak persuasively to them and to offer them the assistance of a sensitive Christian community. In its own utterly wrong way the Pope's encyclical is beautiful: rounded, ringing and resonant. The formation of the position will not be difficult; the ingredients are already present, nearly complete. The real work will come in publicizing it: the work of speaking against the present encyclical, the work of withstanding authority, the work of moral education. This is no time to leave the Church, but a time to make it what it should be. Perhaps, just perhaps, the Pope will be caught up in this work as well.

Finally, some immediate, practical steps: (1) paid publication of majority papal commission report in local secular papers; few Catholics have actually read it. (2) Petitions, not to Rome, but to the U.S. government to step up family planning programs. (3) Letters and visits to parish priests to urge them, in their confessional counseling, to support a moral use of contraceptives.

THE WAR IN VIETNAM

GETTING OUT
An Editorial

Dec. 23, 1966

THE United States should get out of Vietnam: it should seek whatever safety it can for our allies; it should arrange whatever international face-saving is possible; and, even at the cost of a Communist victory, the United States should withdraw. The war in Vietnam is an unjust one. We mean that in its most profound sense: what is being done there, despite the almost certain good intentions of those doing it, is a crime and a sin. At a moment when claims of military victory are drowning out quiet admissions that the war cannot be settled for years, this conclusion must be affirmed and reaffirmed.

We have not reached this conclusion because we are pacifists. The moral problem of warfare is bound up with the moral problem of existence of evil. And the al-

(Continued on page 187)

NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND
Daniel Berrigan

May 29, 1970

MAY 7 marks exactly a month since I packed the small red bag I had bought in Hanoi, and set out from Cornell, looking for America. So far, it has been a tougher and longer voyage than the one which set me down in North Vietnam some two years before.

In the course of that month, I have changed domicile some six times; this in strict accord with a rule of the Jesuit Order, making us, at least in principle, vagabonds on mission; 'It is our vocation to travel any place in the world where the greater glory of God and the need of the neighbor shall impel us.' Amen, brothers. . . .

For at least the past six months, when jail was becoming a nearer and larger threat, the students with whom I worked for three years, and for whom my decision

(Continued on page 187)

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Editorial . . .

most incredible apparitions of evil mankind has witnessed within the last half-century, in this nation as well as others, convince us there are moments when force must be met with force.

Nor do we believe there is nothing at stake in Southeast Asia. . . . The outcome in Southeast Asia will make a difference. But not the decisive difference needed to justify a war which may last longer than any America has ever fought, employ more U.S. troops than in Korea, cost more than all the aid we have ever given to developing nations, drop more bombs than were used against the Japanese in World War II, and kill and maim far more Vietnamese than a Communist regime would have liquidated—and still not promise a definite outcome. The disproportion between ends and means has grown so extreme, the consequent deformation of American foreign and domestic policy so radical, that the Christian cannot consider the Vietnam war merely a mistaken government measure to be amended eventually but tolerated meanwhile. The evil outweighs the good. This is an unjust war. The United States should get out. . . .

Berrigan . . .

seemed to be of some import, said to me time and again, with imploring; when they come for you, don't go in!

The festival at Cornell offered a delicious opportunity, too good to let pass. Some 10,000 students had come together for a post-Woodstock festival of arts, politics, communal living, all in honor of non-violence and Catonsville. Such a gathering, it seemed to me, must not be taken lying down, lost in wondering admiration. According to certain presumptions, mainly of university officials, (whose relief was guarded, oblique, but in the air) I was indeed going to jail. But those to whom I was responsible, in the church and the resistance, had other urgings, rarely expressed, often legible in faces and eyes. Would I be inventive on the night, open to other voices, other directions?

Irresistible. At 7:40 P.M. on Friday April 17, I ended ten rustic days in hiding on the land, and entered the great Barton Hall, scene of last year's 48-hour live-in after the Black seizure of the student union. Scene, too, of ROTC reviews and maneuvers and confrontations; the only place on campus where gun toting is 'invisible' and legal to this day. I was decked out gorgeously, like an outer space insect, in big goggles, motorcycle helmet and jacket, surrounded by a troupe of students, variously hirsute, hippy, fierce and celebrational. Waskow was thundering away on stage, the Freedom Seder was in progress. The moment arrived when Elias the prophet is summoned, figure of providence for all those in legal jeopardy. Supposing that I qualified, I walked on stage.

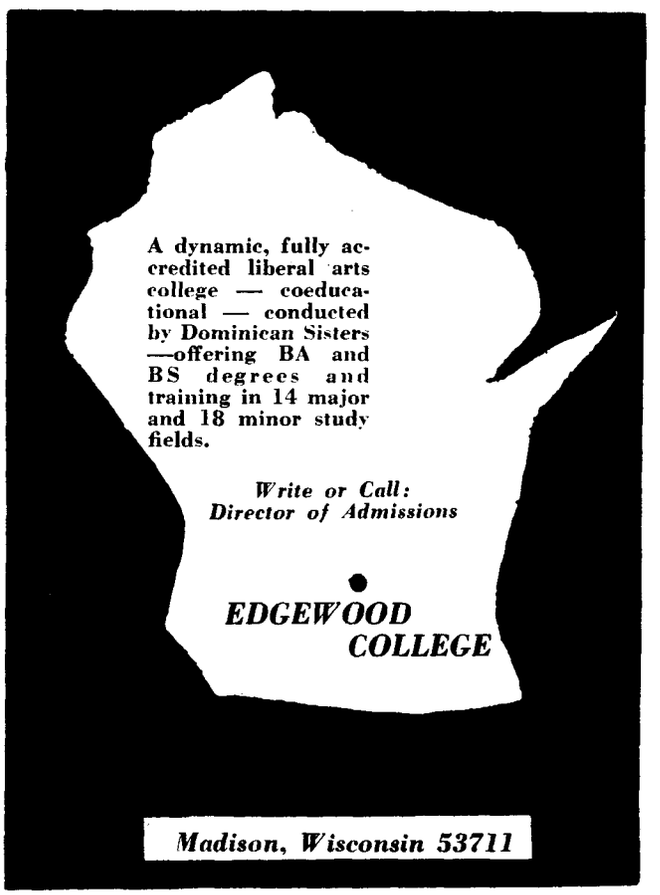
The next hour and a half were stormy indeed. I recall a sense of weightlessness, almost of dislocation; the throng of young faces, singing, dancing, eating, the calls of support and resistance. Much love, many embraces, the usual press of journalists. Then in a quiet moment, a friend whispered; Do you want to split?

It was all I needed. Why not indeed split? Why concede, by hanging around, that wrong-headed power owned me? Why play mouse, even sacred mouse, to their cat game? Why turn this scene into yet another sanctuary, so often done before, only delaying the inevitable, the hunters always walking off with their prize?

When the lights lowered for a rock group, I slipped off back stage. Students helped lower around me an enormous puppet of one of the twelve apostles, in use shortly before by a mime group. Inside the burlap, I had only to hold a stick that kept the papier maché head aloft, and follow the others, making for a panel truck in which we were to pack the costumes. The puppets were pitched aboard; I climbed in, blind as a bat, sure of my radar, spoiling for fun. It was guerrilla theater, a delight, just short of slapstick. An FBI agent ran for the phone, our license plate was recorded, the chase was on. But our trusty van, hot with destiny, galloped for the woods, and we made it.

The rest is modest history of sorts. . . .

FATHER DANIEL BERRIGAN, S.J. *sent this article while a fugitive after being convicted for destroying draft records and refusing to surrender to the authorities.*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MY NOVELS

FRANCOIS MAURIAC

May 15, 1953

IS there, I wonder, a single French novelist who has not been tempted to write another *La Comédie humaine?* It is to this temptation, in fact, that the vogue of the cyclic novel is largely due. And, although I have yielded to it less than some, it has not left me wholly untouched. In my early novels there is an effort to establish relationships among my characters; and, as with the Pelouеyres, the Casenaves, the Desqueroux, it was clearly my ambition to tell the story of a family.

But this ambition soon gave way to a stronger one: to write one book, just one, that would absolve me from writing any others. I have never begun a novel without hoping that it would be that one. Each time, I felt I must make a wholly new start, saying to myself, in the spirit of the man who decides to begin life over again, that I had written nothing. I had to persuade myself that nothing of what had gone before counted, always believing that my masterpiece would be the book in hand.

Hence, my complete writings give the impression of a number of fresh starts rather than a continuity. Critics who have honored me with studies of my entire work have all been struck by the fact that I use the same traits of character more than once, and attribute them to different people. This is because each of my novels was born, if I may so put it, out of the miscarriage of the others, and I was not even aware that I made use of elements which had already served me.

These elements were drawn from experiences of my inner life which were at once the most deep-seated and the farthest removed in time, but always situated within the narrow limits of my own universe. For just as I was not to yield to the temptation of the cyclic novel, so also did I remain unmoved by critics who reproved me for not depicting my own time. No novelist can pretend that he does not want to leave behind a valid body of observation witnessing to the time in which he lived, and this ambition was also mine. But I was resolved not to describe my period from the outside.

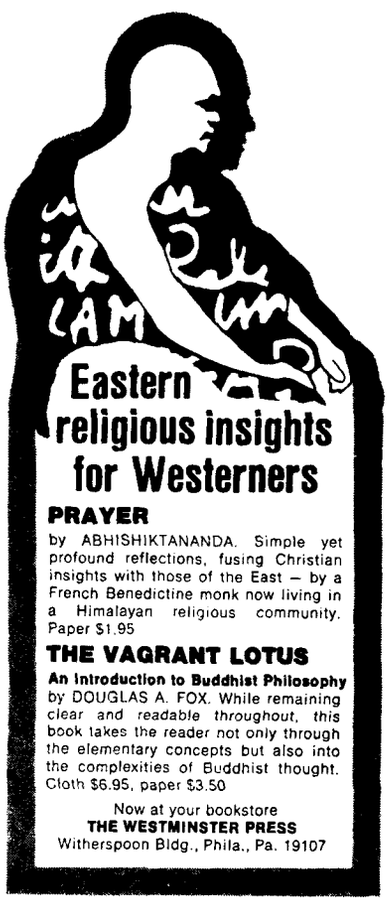
This is where the influence of Proust upon me was a dominant one, or rather—since it is nowhere apparent, I believe, in my style or in the structure of my novels—this is where the case of Proust helped me to understand my own. Proust strengthened and justified me in the stubborn belief, to which no doubt I should have been inclined even though I had not known *Remembrance of Things Past*, but of which he helped me to become conscious, that nothing pertaining to my time would find its way into my work unless I had first encountered it in myself.

Francois Mauriac

And here I must pause to confess that the limited universe I portray is drawn to my own measure. At least, I shall have had the merit of not having forced my talent. In the case of Proust, the whole of the society of his day passed through him: it was as if he had absorbed it, then turned it back to us transfigured by what had been added to it of reality during its passage through, or rather its sojourn within, a prodigiously intelligent and sensitive being. And that is why he was unable to portray himself without at the same time portraying the world.

The universe which I rediscover in myself is a very different one from his. It is a small world of the past, a strictly contained world that scarcely overflows the boundaries of my own life. I am frequently reproached for this, but I am a severe enough self-critic to have earned the right to consider it unjust to attribute to my art as defects those very traits which insure its probity. . . .

No, it is not a society that I depict. And if one social class appears to be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singled out from the rest, this should not be taken as deliberate. Nor is it the result of any effort or conscious seeking that my novels overrun the boundaries of my own personal destiny, and thus acquire a broader significance. This is an instance where luck is in my favor. Each of my novels is an enigma the answer to which is myself, the being that I am, who, though he is indecipherable, is still easy to know.

I have written several volumes of a *Journal* intended for the general public, from which my true self is absent. But, in my fiction, which serves as a screen, I hold back nothing of myself, and do so with perfect safety, since regardless of how large our public may appear to be, our books are not really read. The majority of readers run through them rapidly, as if they were in a forest they were eager to get out of. Only a few stop, observe, listen, heed the author's hints and nudges. However, for the benefit of those who wish to trace the broad lines of a life as it unfolds in my works, I offer a few guiding remarks.

The book which I am forever rewriting, that wave, which is always the same one as it rises endlessly out of my inner ocean, inevitably strikes and breaks against the self-same reef: love, the cult of childhood and adolescence, attachment to an object which eludes all grasp. The hero of *Le Noeud de Vipères,* speaking of his daughter, Marie, and his nephew, Luc, speaks for me in interpreting this profound feeling. And the "monsters" I am accused of creating appear monstrous only in so far as they are judged side by side with the child within them who does not want to die, whose face is still shining with what Claudel has called "the everlasting infancy of God."

But the attraction of the fleeting, of what "no man shall see twice," is not solely the mark of childhood. "The Desert of Love" might well serve as the title of my entire work. All of it illustrates what philosophers today call the "problem of the other one," the passionate desire to possess the other one, not as a passive object and as someone "I look at," but as subject, as as inaccessible being "who looks at me." To possess the body of another is to embrace a corpse.

Nonetheless, if I was an existentialist before the fact, it was without my knowledge, and it is this that gives me cause for pride. A work of fiction, once accomplished, should, if it has any value, furnish the philosopher with involuntary, not preconceived, evidence. Its value, as I see it, lies not in having taken a given philosophy as its point of departure, nor in being written to illustrate a given conception of the universe, but in bearing witness in the true sense of that term. My work seems to me (whether this be its strength or weakness is not for me to say) the least preconcerted, the most instinctive and spontaneous imaginable.

What is disquieting in the present concern with techniques of so many new French writers is not that they are eager to know what there is in Joyce, Dos Passos or Faulkner that is valid and assimilable for them, but that they mistakenly believe in the existence of any rules having universal value. This betrays a failure to understand the fundamental law that a true novelist must first of all invent his own rules, rules which are valid for him alone and for the universe which it is in him to create. It is when the novel becomes moribund that the theorists of the novel begin to swarm.

The time factor, or duration, in such novels as *War and Peace* and *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, hardly warrants comparison with whatever it is that corresponds to it in a French novel deriving from the Racinian tragedy, which undertakes to define a life at its most crucial moment. I take Thérèse Desqueroux as she leaves the courtroom, just after the judge has dismissed the charge against her. She is about to encounter the husband whom she tried to murder. On the way, first in a cab, later in a railway carriage, she recalls the circumstances of the tragedy: her past flows in upon her present. At the same time she is reflecting about what her attitude should be toward her victim, the man she is

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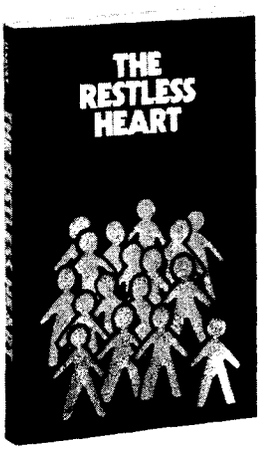

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soon to confront: the near future is beating with its wave against a present that is passing, in the train that is bearing her away. That is the sensation which had to be conveyed to the reader—a moment in the present being assailed by an entire past that is over and an entire life not yet begun. To achieve this effect I relied upon what my instinct suggested.

As to the objection that I cannot know what is going on inside Thérèse when she herself does not, that is a charge from which no novelist is exempt, even those who condemn such a device in the belief that a character should be known by his words and gestures alone, and that these should not even elicit the author's comment. I have been charged with passing judgment on my heroes and playing God. The truth is that Thérèse Desqueroux eludes all judgment, above all her own; she is terribly free at every moment of her existence, looking on while the outlines of the figure she is to become, and to remain until eternity, are etched ever deeper by her every move and gesture.

One young critic, a novelist himself, claims, strangely enough, that I do not have the right to condemn my characters, and transfers to the esthetic plane the law which imputes to God the task of searching men's hearts and testing their loins. This rule may very well apply to him, and it is, I believe, valid for some of my characters, of which Thérèse is the type. But to conform to it in every case seems to me absurd, even meaningless. The truth is that a Christian novelist is the very one whom this concerns the least, since the judgment he passes on his creatures, whether he wishes it or no, remains in a state of suspense while under continuous counterstress from the workings of Grace, which, though invisible, is ever-present in his work.

Grace it is that brings to some readers, and denies to others, an understanding of the ephemeral world of my invention, some remains of which may, or may not, continue to exist after me. While some of my younger fellow novelists find me unreadable for reasons of technique, there are others who like and admire my work even though my ideas are alien to them. An atheistic writer, for example, may read me for reasons of style, or because he is curious about my version of a world which is, after all, also his world. On the other hand, he is not able to hold *my* interest. What constitutes the true life for me is absent from his portrayal. The world of his creation may still, to a degree, be operated by God, and humanity by the soul, but for me it is devoid of interest; I should say, devoid of reality, literally nonexistent. And, for the same reason, as I well understand, the atmosphere of my books is intolerable to the atheist, since his interest is never for an instant held by the fate of my characters, all of whom can be summed up in a single central figure in whose existence he does not believe—the sinful and redeemed human soul.

It would be a mistake to try to explain this conception of a unified world, through which, from the vine which is Christ to the branches which are ourselves, circulates the same sap, the same blood, by a desire on my part to achieve spiritual health or mental comfort. The communion of the saints is a living experience to me, and doubtless to many of my friends in France and outside of France. This is true above all, naturally, of Christians. But unbelievers, too, know this overlapping of destinies by another name; if they do not define it at all, they do experience it. As for the others, they may appear to be finding fault with my technique, but the truth is that the world of my books seems absurd to them, just as theirs is nonexistent to me.

At this point, it would be well to note the difference between the atheistic novel of the present day and that of Proust, for example, from which likewise God appears to be absent, though His existence is not denied, no more than is that of the human soul. The world of Proust cannot be defined as

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FRANCOIS MAURIAC, *the French novelist, was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1952.*

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a world without a soul, but rather as a world in which the unity of the person has been destroyed, where the soul subsists in its *disjecta membra.*

If, as I believe, no transformation of the world, however radical, will ever succeed in changing the human consciousness, novels such as mine have some chance of enduring. But at this juncture, Catholic readers will perhaps think that I take too generous a view of myself, that God is more of a stranger to my work than I imagine. I cannot, on this point, be my own judge.

The truth is that none of my characters, not even those to whom God is unknown, ever turns his back on the one and only aperture that opens heavenward, that narrow fissure which lets through a feeble ray of light. But their faith is nothing else than the name they give to their last hope, which they refuse to surrender; it answers no questions, least of all the fundamental question of the mystery of evil.

J. F. Powers

DEALER IN DIAMONDS & RHINESTONES

Aug. 10, 1945

MR. PEGLER, on hearing of Scott Fitzgerald's death in 1941, said it "recalls memories of a queer bunch of undisciplined and self-indulgent brats who were determined not to pull their weight in the boat and wanted the world to drop everything and sit down and bawl with them." A lot of people of the type known as good felt that way about Fitzgerald and Westcott and Cummings and Hemingway and some more. Going over there to Europe just to hell around with foreigners had something to do with it.

The success of Fitzgerald's novels, especially "The Great Gatsby," enabled him to stay out of this country during most of the twenties. In the thirties he disappeared into darkest Hollywood and the old Fitzgerald prose was thereby believed to be forever extinct. Immediately he and it enjoyed a series of requiems at the hands of their critics.

Fitzgerald's regular contributions to *Esquire*, which was then a magazine to be read, did little to alter the general idea that the artist in him had perished among the producers. Fitzgerald was dead. Then, five years later, at 44, he did die, for sure. Fitzgerald was dead again. And then "The Last Tycoon" was published and everybody found out what he had been trying to do in Hollywood, besides make money, that he had been living all the time and that this book, though unfinished, contained more of his best writing than anything he had ever done and Fitzgerald's best had always been the best there was.

Of Fitzgerald now it could be said that's all there is, there ain't no more. But [in *The Crack-up*] Edmund Wilson and New Directions have found and assembled more: at least one unpublished piece, "My Lost City," and a goodly selection of highly readable notes and letters. Also correspondence from Gertrude Stein, Edith Wharton, T. S. Eliot, Thomas Wolfe and John Dos Passos. And essays and poems about Fitzgerald by Paul Rosenfeld, Glenway Westcott, Dos Passos, John Peale Bishop and Wilson.

With the publication of "This Side of Paradise," Fitzgerald at 23 became the well-loved soul and conscience of the generation later to be lost. It was the peculiar quality of his criticism (a sinner among sinners gaily accusing himself and them) that it did not offend. Lewis, Dreiser and Mencken did offend. They called names and dished

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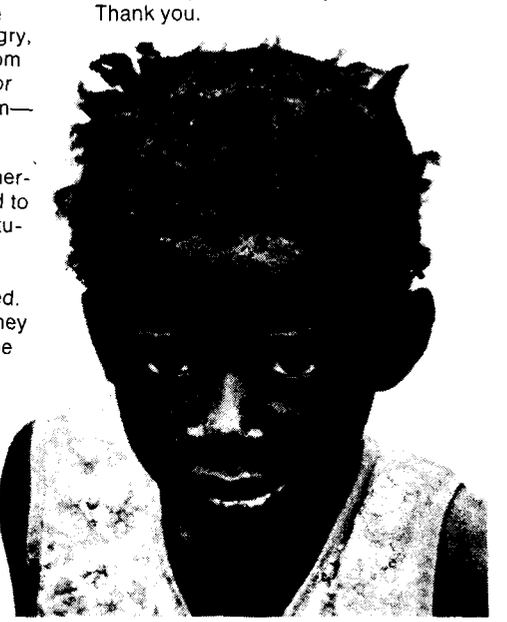

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out stiff penances. Fitzgerald said, in effect, we're all in this together, only some of us have better bottle-openers.

As Fitzgerald matured—"It is in the thirties that we want friends. In the forties we know they won't save us any more than love did"—he discovered the prom room of his early dreams to be strangely empty of other people, a few only remaining and not to dance: his wife, his daughter, Wilson, Bishop and sitting out on the verandah, Hemingway, Dos Passos, Wolfe and others, the writing brethren. He says it all in "My Lost City," written in 1932, a last good-bye to his dear, dying New York, to the days when Wilson and he were Tom and Huck out of Princeton and Manhattan was their raft. The notebooks are full of nostalgia and looking backwards. The letters, which show the way he took the past to the present, are dead serious, witty, and, from the days in St. Paul when he had time and youth enough to copy down a friend's latest poem until he was established in Hollywood with "not even time to be bitter," are touched with a wonderful kind of nonsense—the sort of thing he loved to make up about people, e.g., "Thomas Wolfe or 'Loup' (*Anthony Adverse, Time and the River, N. Y. Telephone Directory,* 1935) is a newcomer to American Skulduggery. Born during a premium contest."

Reading "The Crack-up," with these letters and contemporaries about him, is like reading the log of a good ship gone down at sea and hearing also what all the passengers had to say about it. . . .

Fitzgerald was too often helpless before the world. Sometimes he knew it. Sometimes he didn't care. At the last it was his greatest regret. "What little I've accomplished has been the most laborious and uphill work, and I wish now I'd *never* relaxed or looked back—but said at the end of 'The Great Gatsby': I've found my line—from now on this comes first. This is my immediate duty—without this I am nothing.' " In this context it is terribly clear why he was so fascinated by the line from a Shakespeare sonnet: "Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds." It was a sermon he was always reading to himself. Hence his sympathy for Ring Lardner, whose dilemma was roughly the same, but who got much less of himself on paper.

Fitzgerald's Catholicism, which in 1920 he wrote "was scarcely more than a memory," must have been the congenital dandelion and hollyhock variety which abounds in the better neighborhoods. One story* he wrote on a conceivably Catholic subject, "Absolution," is good enough. Its priest could be as authentic as any one of a hundred different kinds of priest, but it is significant that this particular one had quite a feeling for blonde girls (*vide* many pleasant references to same in Fitzgerald's notebooks and other writing) and had a ceaseless hankering for the other life, meaning pop corn and peanuts and ferris-wheels, which for a priest in the Dakotas, trust Fitzgerald, comes to about the same thing as the author getting his in New York and Paris.

Fitzgerald, as writer, wanted above all, he said, to achieve a wise and tragic sense of life. There are places enough in his books where he seems to do this beautifully and so it does not sound funny or whimsical when he jots down: "My sometimes reading my own books for advice. How much I know sometimes—how little at others." But the conclusion which forces itself out is that he was finally less wise than tragic. It is probably not possible for a writer to be as wise as he was tragic. Only saints come that size.

It was his boast or gibe ("The Crack-up") that he had "learned to detect where the milk is watered, and the sugar sanded, the rhinestone passed for diamond and the stucco for stone" and that he had developed a voice and a smile to go with this sad knowledge and could say: "I have now at last become a writer only . . . It is not a matter of levity. If you are young and you should write asking to see me and learn how to be a somber literary man writing pieces upon the state of emotional exhaustion that often overtakes writers in their prime— if you should be so young and fatuous as to do this, I would not do so much as acknowledge your letter, unless you were re-

*The only one, I believe.

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lated to someone very rich and important indeed. And if you were dying of starvation outside my window, I would go out quickly and give you the smile and the voice (if no longer the hand) and stick around till somebody raised a nickel to phone for the ambulance, that is if I thought there would be any copy in it for me."

There is no evidence that he was ever able to practice any of this and there is the case of the youth from afar who came to his door at three in the morning and was let in for the conversation he thirsted for. But it is true that for this question, which he asked himself, there was for Scott Fitzgerald, as for all the sad young men he created, no real answer—

You are the salt of the earth. But if the salt lose its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?

Sean O'Faolain

BEING AN IRISH WRITER

July 10, 1953

I SUSPECT that being a writer in Ireland is very much like being a writer in any tight community. We do not remember often enough that whether we live in Winesburg or in Reykjavik, in Dublin or in Catania, we are a world fraternity, growling the same growls, enjoying the same compensations, subject to the same local pressures, breathing much the same sort of reconditioned air like a dehydrater gush from a subway on a hot day.

Listening to them at it in the Café Canova, or the Greco in Rome, one might imagine oneself back in the Pearl Bar or Mooney's in Dublin; surrounded by the same sort of community with tender corns, vulnerable pieties, touchy pride, precious loyalties, inflated patriotism, provincial prejudices. It is like living with the family, whose love also begs for silence, blunts frankness, exacerbates honesty until it all ends up in schizophrenia and double-think—secret reservations of the truth, public asseverations of subterfugal sentimentalities.

If the writer speaks out the community will tear him to pieces; if he does not he will rend himself; if he braves the results he will meet other dangers he did not foresee—anger, bitterness, hate, cynicism. Ibsen said he left Norway because he found friendship too expensive. One can hear them saying it: "Oh, come now, be a good chap! You can't put that character into a play. Everybody will say at once, 'Why, that's Bjornson!' *Please*—dear Henrik!"

The obvious solution is exile, but it isn't really. The problem solves itself otherwise, usually by driving the writer much further from the unbearable, literal reality than he had ever meant to go. Joyce's practical exile was to Paris, Rome, Trieste, Zürich; his literary exile was into symbolism, and he ended up lost in the tropical jungle of *Finnegans Wake*. Hawthorne, who could not exile his body, took up quarters in the same sublimatory refuge from the compressions of Salem. Hardy dilated man into myth, his peasants, who were doubtless as boring as all peasants, into a Greek chorus. For many of the so-called realists are not realists—they are disguised mystics. Graham Greene followed the same route. . . .

One agrees that modern Irish life is not very inspiring. Indeed, leaving aside its many rich compensations which we all know about and gratefully enjoy, and bearing in mind that these compensations are on the level of the *homme moyen sensuel* rather than of the intellectual or the artist, one might be forgiven for finding modern Ireland depressing to the point—at which many

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SEAN O'FAOLAIN, *the Irish writer, is the author of* A Summer in Italy, Newman's Way *and other books.*

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soon arrive—of strong drink. A one-class society of petty-bourgeois businessmen, not exactly cultivated; a rather puritanical church, not strikingly famous for its contribution to Christian thought, or indeed any thought; a hard bunch of old-time politicians still thinking or whatever they call it, in the vein of the first World War—it is not a very gay picture. The air is dry. A generation of isolationism and obscurantism has changed a lively nationalism into a cantankerous provincialism. The strings are about as hoarse as an unkeyed double-bass on a damp day. But, surely, as far as writers are concerned it is all a matter of digestion. This is their material; there is no other that they know.

I have no patience with young would-be writers anywhere who say: "But it is all so dreary, there is nothing to write about!" One thinks of Gogol, thinking also that he would spend his life recording romantic life, the Saga of the Caucasian cossacks, and then writing two masterpieces about two types that one might meet any day in the back-streets of Dublin or Winesburg, the civil servant of *The Cloak* and the engaging spiv of *Dead Souls*.

It has happened that the drearier the life the better the writing. I have never been to Silone's native village in the Abruzzi, but I suppose it is not much more exciting to look at than Carlo Levi's Eboli, or those desolate Sicilian uplands that flame and smolder in Vittorini's *Conversation in Sicily!* Serradifalco! Acquaviva! I can assure any young man complaining about the frustration of his Ballybehindbeyond that it is a Paris Plage compared to those woebegotten hamlets.

The answer to "What is there to write about?" anywhere is in the title of Silone's novel *The Seed Beneath the Snow*. No writer has the right to blame his material for his own failure to integrate the little lives he knows with the universal life of man. A writer may, like a spider, have to spin his web out of his bowels, but if he is a writer at all he is an epical spider shooting his fragile threads from his dusty corner to span the world.

One particular failure in modern Irish writing is striking: the failure in comedy, strange in a people notoriously supposed to have a special gift for comedy. A couple of weeks ago, in reviewing Evelyn Waugh's new book, Cyril Connolly said a very shrewd thing about satire, using this very image of digestion—what I call the writer eating up his own shadow: "An author must digest his own stomach so completely that his anger and loyalties, indignations and regrets"—How well one knows those indignations and regrets! —"are invisible to the naked eye. One trace of emotion and the illusion will vanish, the magician in his tails is gone, and an embittered old schoolmaster is in his place."

How many writers of satire could read that without feeling their withers being wrung? Shaw certainly could not have heard it unmoved. I have been told, but I have never been able to locate it in print, that when he saw Chekov for the first time, he threw up his hands in despair. (But, then, Chekov had said: "If the old tarry rope is put into your hand you must pull it.")

Could Aldous Huxley pass Mr. Connolly's test? Or the later O'Casey? Maugham does, and Gide, in *Les Caves du Vatican*, and what makes Waugh one of the great comic writers of English literature is that in all his best work he has with great human sympathy surmounted an evident natural weakness to cavil with what the gods sent him.

There are these great writers of social comedy in the Irish literature of our time, George Moore, in his famous trilogy, and Somerville and Ross. Since their day bitterness has set in. The shadows have eaten up the writers who have eaten them.

It is easy enough to write like this, of course; in practice the business of absorption is the trickiest thing in the world. All sorts of booby traps lie in wait: melodrama, sentimentality, burlesque, moonshine, rank egregiousness. They lie in wait for every writer, one agrees, but they have a special lure

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for the provincial who so easily imagines that by walking into them he is emancipating himself from them: as when the satirist who thinks he is a rebel against folly falls into a burlesque which is a greater folly. I think your often-excellent satirist Erskine Caldwell has often fallen into this trap. Has Saroyan escaped sentimentality always; and at his best, though I know few Americans will agree with me, he is one of your finest short-story writers?

All American novelists are continually falling into the trap of melodrama, not excluding the very finest, such as Hemingway, or John O'Hara. And, then, the very urge for honesty, the social conscience (those "indignations and regrets")—what has this not done to Upton Sinclair? For although this problem of stomaching, of digesting one's material is more obviously urgent in the small country, in the tight community, it is a universal problem. Since this article is appearing in a Catholic magazine it is pertinent to point out that the problem is particularly important for writers dealing with Catholic communities. The Mauriac of later years has time and again failed to keep his detachment; the later Greene, as in his new play "The Living Room," has sometimes fallen into the most banal, and vulgar clichés.

Perhaps it is all a question of perspective, and I have always advised young Irishmen, following my own practice, to get out of Ireland as often as possible in order to keep their sense of perspective; and, contrary to my own foolish practice, to avoid controversy. But was there ever a writer who couldn't give good advice and not stick to it himself?

One takes comfort from Yeats' lines: "All things can distract me from this art of verse. . . . The seeming needs of my fool-driven land . . . ," and so on. One can love too much. One can pity too much. Yeats' epitaph was, *Look with a cold eye on life, on death.* . . . Bless his heart, he never did.

Really, there is only one rule for a writer that is worth a curse. Despise the crowd, and—again it is so very easy to say it—be yourself. *We*, said Simone Weil, is of the devil; but *I* is of God. Certainly, for a writer, all organizations (My goodness, the number I have belonged to in my salad days!), all political loyalties are ruin and disaster.

That is where Ireland is always catching us: the ties of family, the sense of responsibility, the ancient blood-bond, all the choking tendrils of the heart. I can sympathize with Shaw. Think of what *might* have happened to him if he had remained in Ireland! He would either have been shot in 1916 or—dreadful and pitiable thought! —he might have become a minister of state.

Evelyn Waugh

THE CASE OF MR. HEMINGWAY

Nov. 3, 1950

MR. Ernest Hemingway's long-expected novel [*Across the River and Into the Trees*] has been out for some weeks, and has already been conspicuously reviewed by all the leading critics. It is now impossible to approach it without some prejudice either against the book itself or against its critics, for in England their disapproval has been unanimous. They have been smug, condescending, derisive, some with unconcealed glee, some with an affectation of duty; all are agreed that there is a great failure to celebrate. It is the culmination of a whispering campaign of some years' duration, that "Hemingway is finished."

I read the reviews before I read the book, and I was in the mood to make

EVELYN WAUGH, *the British novelist, was the author of* Brideshead Revisited, A Handful of Dust *and many other books.*

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the best of it. Mr. Hemingway is one of the most original and powerful of living writers. Even if he had written a completely fatuous book, this was not the way to treat it. What, in fact, he has done is to write a story entirely characteristic of himself, not his best book, perhaps his worst, but still something very much better than most of the work to which the same critics give their tepid applause.

It is the story of the death of an old soldier. He knows he is mortally ill, and he chooses to spend his last days in and near Venice, shooting and making love. The book is largely a monologue. The veteran ruminates bitterly over old battles. He exults in his young mistress. And all is written in that pungent vernacular which Mr. Hemingway should have patented. . . .

Across the River and Into the Trees is the nemesis of the philistine. The hero is fifty-one years of age, when the civilized man is just beginning the most fruitful period of his life. But the philistine is done for, a "beat-up old bastard," as he expresses it. He has lived for sport and drink and love-making and professional success, and now there is nothing left for him. He has to be decorated with a physical, mortal illness as with a medal. In accentuation of the pathos of his position, he regards himself as rather cultured and sophisticated. He has been places. He is one with that baffled, bibulous crew of *Fiesta* who thought they were plunging deep into the heart of Europe by getting on friendly terms with barmen; who thought their café pick-ups the flower of decadent European aristocracy. He believes he is the sort of guy for whom the Old Masters painted, and to hell with the art experts.

All of the faults of this latest book were abundantly present in the first; and most of the merits of the first are here again. Why has there been this concerted attack on Mr. Hemingway?

It began a few months ago with a softening-up blitz in the *New Yorker*. That widely-read paper attached a female reporter to Mr. Hemingway to study him while he was on a holiday in New York. She ate and drank, went shopping and visited art galleries with him, and took careful note of every silly or vulgar thing he said or did during his spree. One might suppose that only a megalomaniac or a simpleton would expose himself to such an ordeal. She made a complete ass of him, of course; not altogether a lovable ass, either. I have never met Mr. Hemingway, but I think it probable that his own boisterous manners have contributed to his present unpopularity.

He has really done almost everything to render himself a "beat-up old bastard." His reputation was unassailable in 1936. Then with much trumpeting, he went to Madrid and Barcelona. Here was something greater than bull-fights and *bistros*. The greatest modern writer was devoting his art to the greatest modern theme. Picasso had painted Guernica; Messrs. Auden and Spender had written something or other; now the great warrior-artist of the New World was going to write the Modern Epic. But it did not turn out like that. *For Whom the Bell Tolls* was not at all what the Socialists wanted. They had been busy denying atrocities; Mr. Hemingway described them in detail with relish. They had denied the presence of Russians; Mr. Hemingway led us straight into the front-door of the Gaylord Hotel. He made Marty and la Pasionaria as comic as any *New Yorker* correspondent could have done. From then on he was on the wrong side of the barricades for the Socialists, while his pounding revolutionary heart still drove him from civilization.

His sense of superiority to Americans combined with his sense of inferiority to Europeans to give him the sort of

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JOHN BERRYMAN

From "5 Addresses to The Lord"

II

Germanicus leapt upon the wild lion in Smyrna,
wishing to pass quickly from a lawless life.
The crowd shook the stadium.
The proconsul marvelled.

'Eighty & six years have I been his servant,
and he has done me no harm.
How can I blaspheme my King who saved me?'
Polycarp, John's pupil, facing the fire.

Make too me acceptable at the end of time
in my degree, which then Thou wilt award.
Cancer, senility, mania,
I pray I may be ready with my witness.

Sept. 18, 1970

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patriotism which pleased no one. He could not abide the urban commercial development of his own country; he supposed, rather rightly, that the English were snooty about him, and the French wanted only his dollars. He had a Kiplingesque delight in the technicalities of every trade but his own. He remained, of course, an admirable technician, but while he could talk for nights to fishermen about their tackle, he was nauseated by the jargon of other writers. Indeed, in this book he uses an American novelist as the typic contrast to his hero; a seedy industrious fellow in the same hotel, sober, with no young mistress and no scars of battle, and no rollicking jokes with the servants.

When the second war came Mr. Hemingway could not be a soldier, and he despised war-correspondents; he became a war-correspondent. There is plenty to account for the bitterness and frustration of his present work. But our critics thrive on bitterness and frustration. They have forgotten that they once raised clenched fists to the red flag in Barcelona. Not more than a handful have been physically assaulted by the man. Why do they all hate him so?

I believe the truth is that they have detected in him something they find quite unforgivable—Decent Feeling. Behind all the bluster and cursing and fisticuffs he has an elementary sense of chivalry—respect for women, pity for the weak, love of honor—which keeps breaking in. There is a form of high, supercilious caddishness which is all the rage nowadays in literary circles. That is what the critics seek in vain in this book, and that is why their complaints are so loud and confident.

CORRESPONDENCE

CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

November 26, 1924
London, England

To the Editors: I cannot pretend to speak of conditions on your side of the Atlantic, for it has been the most vivid impression received by me upon every visit to the United States, that the new world was so utterly different from the old as to make any pretense of criticism or advice from us to you ridiculous. But perhaps the experience I have had in Europe, especially in England, upon the same kind of task as that which you are undertaking, may be of some service, and for what it is worth I will give it.

We have in Europe two very distinct worlds in which to found any Catholic effort. There is the world of the old traditional European culture in France, the Valley of the Rhine, and upper Danube, Italy, Spain, Ireland, the Southern Netherlands or Belgium, and there is another region of which England is by far the most typical example, where the culture springs from Protestantism. It is alien to the Catholic Church and almost universally ignorant of the Catholic spirit.

In the first of these divisions, the Catholic attitude towards life as a whole, towards morals, every civic action, literary activity and the rest can be naturally expressed without any emphasis upon the hierarchy or discipline of the Catholic Church. The Catholic atmosphere is known and recognized and there is more temptation to or necessity for specifically Catholic action than there is in the United States for specifically republican action. It is in the atmosphere. There are indeed violent enemies to the Catholic Church and even to most things of Catholic tradition and culture, but the general tone is ours, and a man defending the institution of marriage, for instance, or property or any other one of those social points which are essentially bound up with Catholic tradition, may take in a book or an article the full Catholic point of view without a single reference to the Church.

That is as it should be, but in the

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Protestant culture things are very different. There the Catholic Church is at the best a subject though large minority. It is at the best put under its opponents and its whole culture and tradition treated as something inferior and largely boycotted. Or it is, at the worst (and England is the most conspicuous example of this) a small and timid body virtually neglected and, when it shows any strength, boycotted.

The consequence of this situation is that the Catholic Church is regarded by men around it as no more than a sect, and a hostile sect at that, that is inclined to emphasize its particular organization, to put the framework of religion forward as though it was the whole of religion.

Our papers in that atmosphere have hardly ever been able to avoid falling into the rut of sectarian isolation. Their advertisements are the advertisements of Catholic schools and colleges, ecclesiastical furniture and the like. Their news has been news of the hierarchy, of the founding of the new missions, of the Vatican, of prominent Catholic men and women in their church aspect alone. The consequence has naturally been that our press has had no influence outside their own body. Its propaganda, to use a modern phrase, is confined to those who already accept, and it is therefore wasted.

Now, I conceive that any literary effort, to do real good outside our body, to put us in our right place as the heirs and conservators and sole preservers of tradition and of civilization, can only be useful if it is on the first and not on this latter plan. Unless an article or book appeals to men upon general grounds, men cannot appreciate the strength of the Catholic foundation. What we need, if it can be done, is an organ which shall discuss all the big questions of the day with the strength, lucidity, certitude and intellectual superiority of the Catholic views in the most general and extended fashion.

HILAIRE BELLOC

Religious Freedom in Russia

May 15, 1942
Jacksonville, Florida

To the Editors: Lord Beaverbrook must have, I think, little acquaintance with Churches, if he said that in Russia "there is complete freedom to practice religion, just as there is complete freedom to reject it." In short, for Lord Beaverbrook, there is little difference between America and Russia in the matter of religious freedom.

The same thing is often written or said now in America as well as in England. Albert Rhys Williams, who has spent over ten years in Russia, said here in the Roosevelt Hotel some days ago (he has lectured in all parts of North America on Soviet affairs) that "at least 20,000 religious societies function in Russia. And those who practice racial or religious intolerance in any form, are jailed."

Alexander Werth, in his book "Moscow War Diary," gives us the news that the magazine *Bezbozhnik* (Godless) devoted a whole issue to indignant protest against Nazi persecution of the Protestant and Catholic Churches. Now, even the *Osservatore Romano* is quoted by *Izvestia.*

But all such facts provide little proof that the Soviet Government has changed its mind on the question of religious *freedom*, but only that the old persecution has stopped and a *tolerance* is the rule. It is impossible to enjoy religious freedom where the majority of priests and bishops are still deported or exiled; where great numbers of churches and religious buildings are still used for purely secular purposes; and where no seminary for new priests, no school for Christian education, no paper, no books, are permitted.

That said, to answer Lord Beaverbrook and others of the same opinion, it is not useful nor even right, I think, to oppose or make reservations on the war collaboration of America with Russia, asking Washington to give to Moscow an intimation such as: "No help if you do not now give religious freedom to the Russian people." I have read recently that the American people will not heartily support practical cooperation with Russia until Moscow *officially* dedicates Russia to the same causes, the same freedom and the same postwar world to which American effort is dedicated. Moreover, Russia has *officially* signed the Atlantic Charter and the declaration of 26 States in Washington (January, 1942). In practice it is clear that Moscow goes slow or does not go at all.

But American cooperation with Russia is of first interest to America herself. America's west war front is now in Russia. Nothing else is to be done than fully and heartily cooperate without hesitation or *arrière-pensée.* What is after all more interesting from a religious point of view, is that hearty American cooperation leads to a better understanding, and is the right way to change the old sectarian spirit of Soviet Russia to one of tolerance and a beginning of true freedom.

A declaration such as Beaverbrook's is bad because it would encourage Stalin

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in his policy toward religion, and the reservations of some Catholics about U.S. cooperation with Russia would harm the cause of Catholicism itself. Such polemics and declarations are only for home consumption; they are of no help to Christianity in Russia. It will be better to drop them. LUIGI STURZO

Death of Franklin Delano Roosevelt

April 27, 1945
Paris, France
Via Radiogram

To the Editors: General de Gaulle's message has conveyed to you all the unanimous feeling of the French people. The death of President Roosevelt is for us an occasion of national mourning. Our country has lost a peerless friend; the world has lost a statesman of genius for whom it had pressing need. And it is likewise the President's greatness of humanity, the light which dwelt within him, which the French people, like the American, so deeply regrets. Two words say all that can be said: *he loved.* President Roosevelt knows that his message will abide: his confidence in the virtues and the future of the American people is more than ever justified by the general sadness that people has manifested in solemn seriousness and unshatterable hope. Allow me to add a personal word; I have been deeply stricken by the blow which has come to your country, and with all my heart I am one with my friends throughout the United States. JACQUES MARITAIN

The Attacks on Containment

October 3, 1952
New York, N.Y.

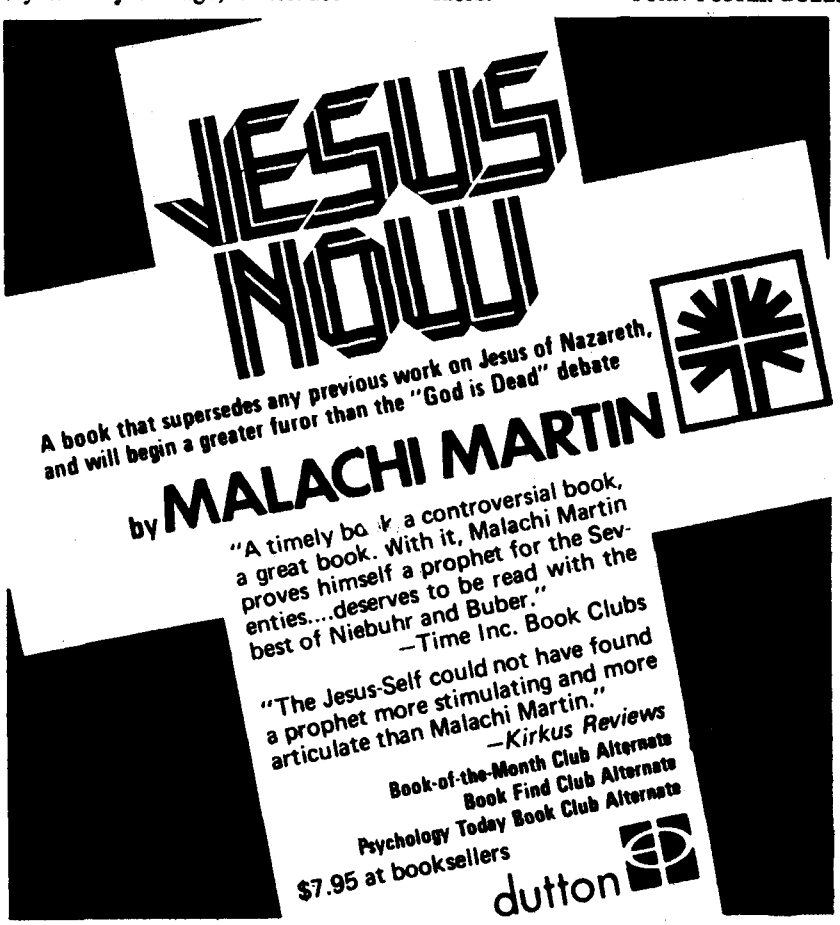
To the Editors: Does not your editorial conclusion in "The Attacks on Containment" [Sept. 5th, 1952] ignore one fundamental fact, namely, that "containment" is inherently a defensive attitude and such an attitude dooms those who hold it to defeat in the face of such a dynamic force as Soviet Communism?

Soviet Communism is conducting political warfare on behalf of its cause throughout the whole world. It has already brought one-third of the people of the earth under its control without a single Russian soldier being scratched. If the free world makes no political or psychological efforts to extend its own creed and way of life, then the struggle is very unequal. I then see no possibility of "containment" achieving the "peaceful co-existence with Russia" of which you speak, for under our "containment" policy, the Soviet Communist rulers have nothing to lose and only the chance of gain at our expense.

There is nothing recent, or political in my present attitude. For the last twelve years I have been speaking and writing on the theme of a dynamic faith. My book *War or Peace*, written nearly three years ago, concludes with chapters on "New Techniques" and "Our Spiritual Need" which embody what I am saying now.

I am confident that peace can only be won by a positive policy and not by a negative defense policy. I also know, as do many others, of situations in various parts of the world which afford those of dynamic purpose the opportunity peacefully to set up strains and stresses within the Soviet-dominated world which will preoccupy the rulers with home problems, and gradually disintegrate and shrink their control. In the nature of the case these opportunities cannot be publicized without destroying them. . . . But believe me, they exist, and if availed of, can peacefully transform the world, not quickly, but surely.

Only political misrepresentation imputes to me a purpose to promote violent revolution. In *War or Peace* (p. 247), I say: "Violent revolt would be futile. Indeed, it would be worse than futile, for it would precipitate massacre." JOHN FOSTER DULLES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November 15, 1973

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